DICTATORS—*Let us have more of them* by GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

SEPT. 10,
1938

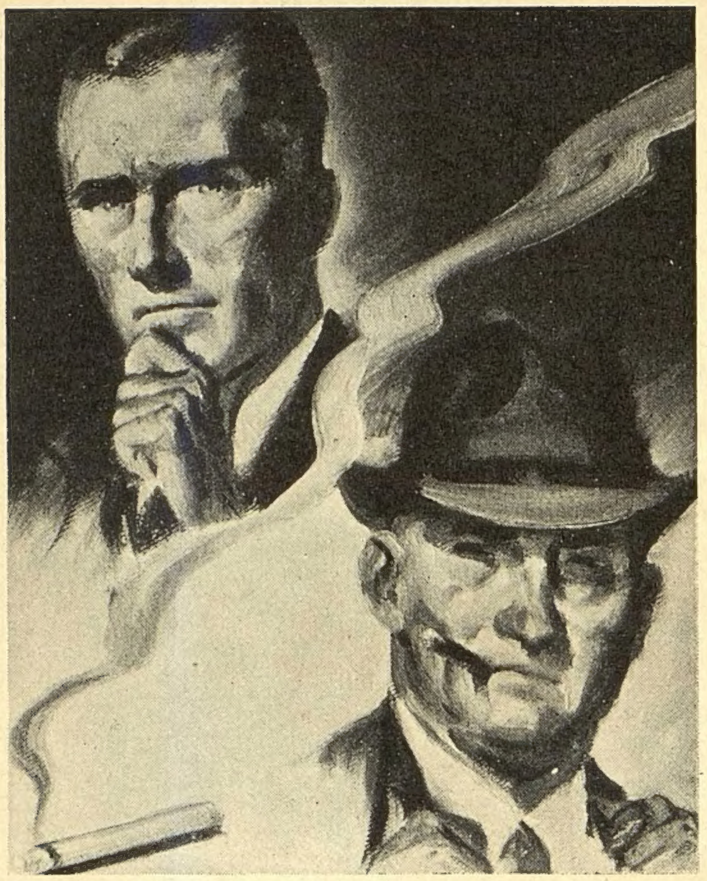
Liberty

5¢

MUST I BE DAFFY TO BE A DODGER? by Babe Ruth

IS HOLLYWOOD ON THE SPOT? *by* Walter Wanger *and* Jack Warner

HOW TO FORGIVE YOUR FRIENDS by Mae Murray



Meet Philo Vance and Sergeant Heath

RADIO MIRROR
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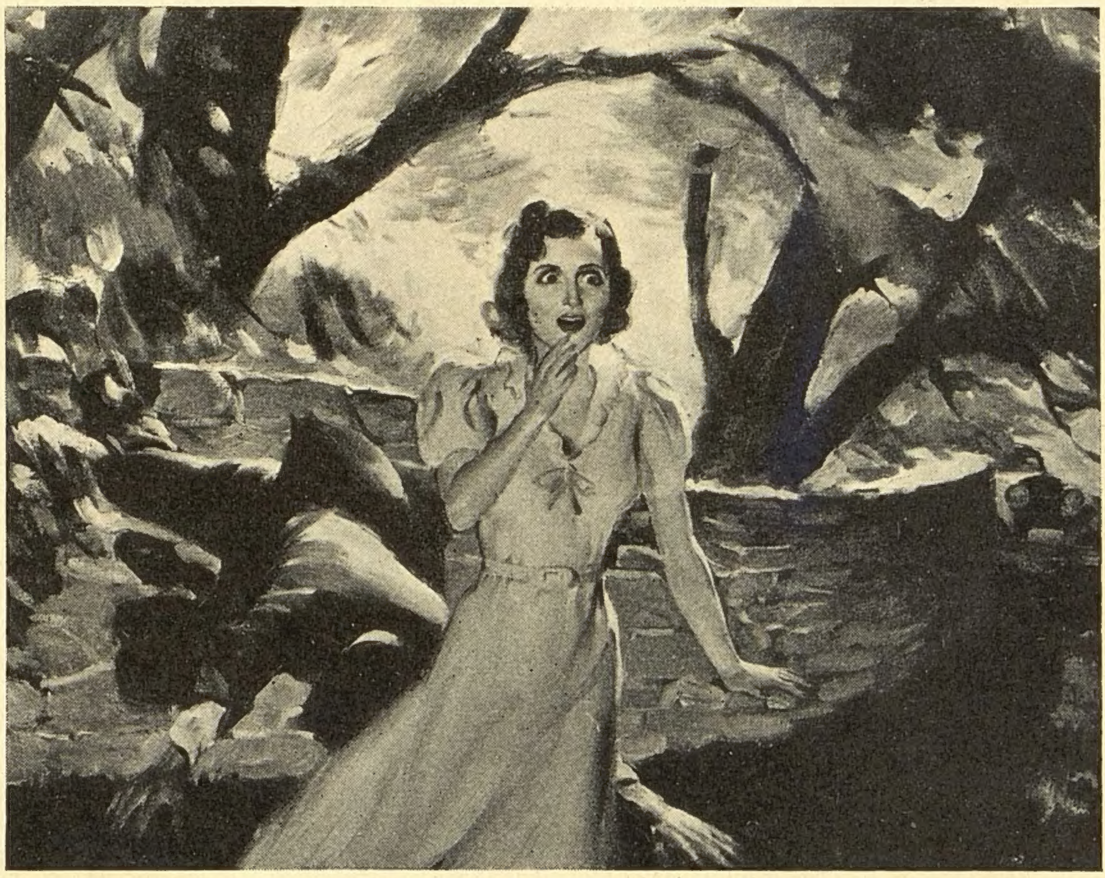
The GRACIE ALLEN
MURDER MYSTERY

By
S. S. VAN DINE

Announcement of a new detective story by that master of mystery, S. S. Van Dine, is enough to set your expectations tingling. But Radio Mirror Magazine has an added thrill for you in this one. You'll find the one and only Gracie Allen wisecracking through its various episodes with the brilliance of lightning flashing across starless skies! George Burns? Yes, he's in it up to his neck. And Philo Vance—well just wait until you read how the famous Philo handles this newest riddle! The star of fictional detectives, the star of radio and screen, presented in a breathless murder mystery by S. S. Van Dine in the star of radio publications, Radio Mirror! Get your copy of the new October issue now at the nearest news stand and begin The Gracie Allen Murder Mystery—today!

Tune in the new Burns and Allen radio show in October over the Columbia coast-to-coast network.



Vance, unceremoniously, drops in on Gracie Allen

Why did Frances Langford marry twice in five weeks? Radio Mirror gives a reason that will surprise you. What about the sudden rise to fame of Lucky Strike's Carolinian Musical Quizzer, Radio Mirror says, "Let's Meet Kay Kyser. Is it a tragedy to be fat? Kate Smith tells Radio Mirror readers why overweight can't rob you of your right to happiness. And many other absorbing features in

Radio
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MAGAZINE

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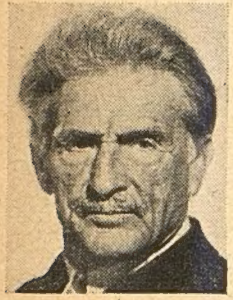
VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

SEPTEMBER 10, 1938 Liberty VOL. 15, NO. 37

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ONLY KNOWLEDGE CAN SAVE DEMOCRACY



BERNARR MACFADDEN

The dictators of Europe have little or no respect for democracy. They claim that the people must be controlled . . . that the unthinking masses are incapable of directing themselves intelligently . . . that the average citizen at the polls does not know what he is voting for, and we will have to admit there is some truth in their criticisms.

A democracy, to live . . . to move forward and upward . . . to progress . . . must be guided by honest and intelligent voters. In many of our elections there is a great hullabaloo on both sides, and many of the voters have but meager knowledge of the governmental principles for which they are voting.

Education and only education can completely prepare our people for intelligent suffrage, and our principle fault at the present time is not the lack of what we call school education but the need for clear thinking, the ability to reason from cause to effect.

If our people are ignorant, uninformed, confused when they face the various issues of life, if they must be guided by some friend or political leader in their voting, they are but little more than dummies, rubber stamps.

Suffrage means but little to such citizens, and we will probably be willing to admit that many of our voters are of that type.

In years gone by, suffrage was confined only to men who were capable of carrying a gun. Every voter had to be a soldier. In that way fighting strength could be measured; but today, any one over twenty-one years of age in this country can vote.

Perhaps the time may come when this privilege will be given only to those who can pass an intelligence test, and such a test should represent an education in our governmental procedure. It should include a definite understanding of what is meant by freedom. It should dramatically present the privileges that we enjoy in this country that are not bestowed on citizens of other countries.

Our citizens should be taught that wealth does not always mean the accumulation of financial possessions. Many people are wealthy in a physical sense . . . others are provided with mental riches . . . others are rich in the joy and delights that come with happiness. In fact a feeling of well-being . . . the wealth of health . . . is worth the price of several fortunes . . . if you are without this precious possession.

We have free schools. We have guaranteed every child an education. Our laws compel parents to send their children to school; but with all these unusual efforts, it is questionable if the mental equipment necessary to appreciate and protect our system of government is better than it was in the first century of the life of this nation.

To be sure, more of us can read and write. Our minds are filled with information of various kinds, but that does not necessarily teach us to reason clearly and dependably. It is usually only experience with life itself, in all its various phases, associated with much hardship and sorrow, that gives one this invaluable knowledge.

Pain or suffering is said to be our greatest educator. Then the mind works overtime, trying to find relief, arousing our mental faculties to unusual activity. An easy life encourages mental slothfulness. It is the struggle that makes life interesting and develops the energy, ambition, and spirit that lead to real achievement.

To a certain extent we have become a nation of leaners. We are always looking for somebody to help us. Our legislators are trying to remedy all our ills with legal enactments. Few of us are able to stand on our own feet and build our own careers as in former years.

And we should awaken, reorganize and regenerate our educational system. Our children should be taught the fundamental principles of life and reiterate again and again and still again the extraordinary advantages we possess here in this free country. Teach them the dependable governmental principles which have built this great nation.

Prepare them to think straight and clearly, then when they go to the polls with a definite realization of what each candidate stands for, they will have an intelligent understanding of what they ought to expect of officials for whom they are voting.

Bernarr Macfadden

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You do not need to "go it alone," when planning your family's security. A life insurance policy gives you many helpers. All the policyholders are in the same boat — all combining their financial strength. That is the *mutual* idea. And that is why, for a few dollars each year, you can give your family protection worth thousands.

Thos I Parkinson

PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX

Q. How many people have combined their efforts, through life insurance, to protect their dependents?

A. Sixty-five million. That is the approximate number of policyholders in American Legal Reserve companies.

. . .

Q. Through your life insurance can you arrange for an income for your child?

A. Yes, payment can be made in the form of an income for life or for a given number of years.

. . .

Q. What chances has a man of 40, in good health, to live to 65?

A. His chances are 66 out of 100. Wise men do not expose their dependents to this gamble. They have life insurance.

. . .

Q. How can life insurance help you get what you want out of life?

A. It can guarantee security for your family, assure funds for your children's education, provide a retirement income for yourself, and fulfill many other ambitions. Let an Equitable agent work out a program for any or all of this.

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THE EQUITABLE
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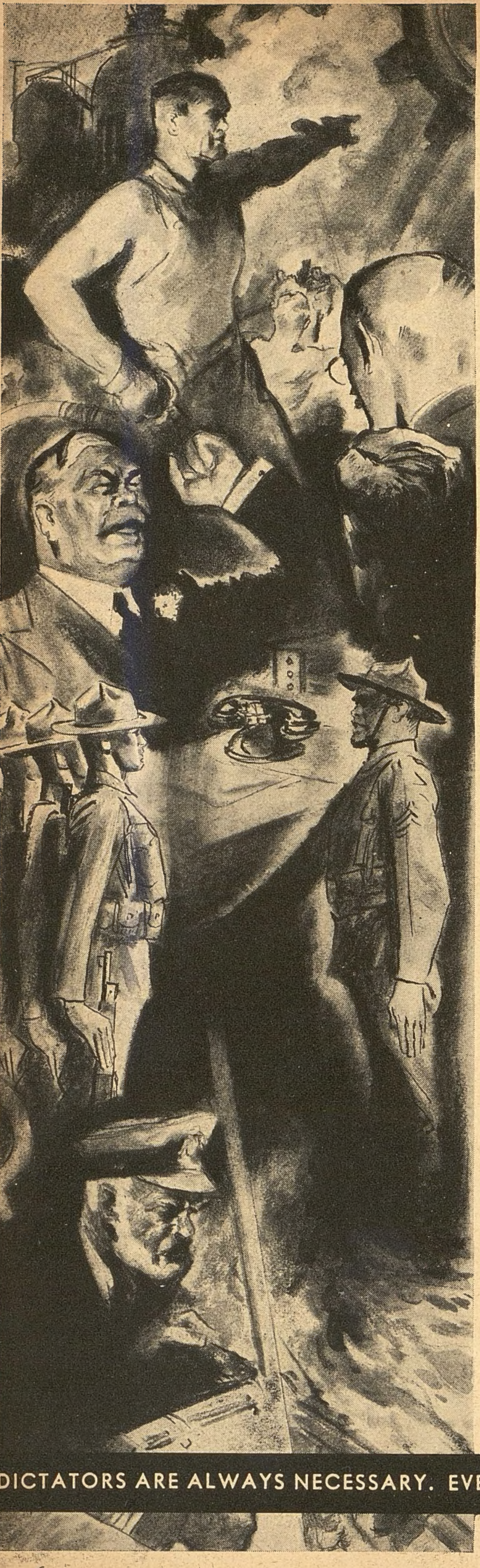


DICTATORS— Let us have

by GEORGE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

IT is not fair to call Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler dictators. They are Leaders.

Fascism is a new form of government, a sort of halfway house to Communism. It has been produced by proletarian revolutionaries who are completely disgusted with party parliaments on the British model, but find the proletariat and the poor majority of the middle class incapable of Socialism yet very susceptible to a considerable improvement in their circumstances.

This improvement, you will note, is coupled with nationalism, in which they all feel a share, which increases self-respect and gives them, in effect, a step up in rank.

These two classes are incorrigible idolaters. They deify any orator who shouts what they like to hear often enough.

On this basis, Fascism has come into political existence, and is settling into a constitution under the guidance of proletarians able enough to seize the opportunity.

They call themselves not dictators but leaders; and it is both polite and convenient to allow them that title, as the word "dictator" has no specific meaning in modern usage and has become merely an abusive epithet.

The case of Stalin is a special one. Until quite lately he was technically a nobody, though in effect he governed Russia as far as Russia is governable.

When the question of appointing a nominal Chief of State arose the other day, he at once stepped aside, like Caesar refusing the crown, and left the dignity to a much less important person.

In this way he gratified somebody else's ambition and greatly increased the idolatry of himself on which his power rests. You may call him the father of his people if you like, but not their dictator.

He is a very able man, is Stalin. Let us speak respectfully of him.

A dictatorship is the completest possible negation of a totalitarian state in so far as the two are ideas and not thoughtless catchwords. But nobody knows exactly what a totalitarian state is.

As I understand it, it is a repudiation of the notion that is so fast-rooted among us still: that the function of our popular governing bodies is not to govern but to defend us against the tyranny of the irreducible minimum of government that humanity will endure.

With us the Leader of the Opposition is always the hero of the moment, and the Prime Minister the villain of the piece.

In the totalitarian state, Opposition, as such, is not tolerated.

The governing bodies are not the battlegrounds of contending parties: they have full power, and consequently full responsibility, whether they are councils or individual prefects.

They must get along with their jobs; for if they fail and

DICTATORS ARE ALWAYS NECESSARY. EVERY EMPLOYER IS A DICTATOR. EVERY SERGEANT IS A

DECORATION BY

more of them

BERNARD SHAW

A bomb from across the sea! An eminent Briton casts a sardonic eye at democracy

abuse their powers, they make the central government unpopular.

In Britain the safest course for an individual or council with a public job is not to do it.

Dictators are always necessary. Every employer is a dictator. Every sergeant is a dictator. Every ship captain is a dictator. Every policeman at the street crossing is a dictator.

The difficulty always is to find enough capable dictators to make the best of our resources.

People want to be dictated to: it saves them the trouble of thinking for themselves. We are all in favor of government of the people, for the people, by the people. And when we get it the universal cry is: "Tell us what to do, governor!"

But it should always be possible to get rid of objectional officials. In fact it should be possible to get rid of anybody who is a nuisance.

I still stick to my old proposal that everybody should be called on every five years or so to justify their existence. There are many people in the world who ought to be liquidated.

Criticism, tempered by fairly stringent laws against libel, ought to be privileged in any state, totalitarian or other. So ought admonition. When the critics and admonishers are organized in churches, the bureaucracy cannot disregard them as they disregard individuals.

If during a war an individual says: "Sirs, ye are brothers: wherefore do ye wrong one to another?" it is easy to vilify and crucify him.

But if the Pope says so, he has to be listened to, even by cabinet ministers who no longer believe that death in battle carries with it a passport to hell.

The opponents of Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin usually call themselves democrats, and in Britain they labor under the delusion that ours is a democratic state.

The fact is that Britain is a plutocratic oligarchy supported by democratic snobbery.

A democrat once said: "Democracy mars results, but it makes men." He betrayed a complete ignorance of political history and public affairs.

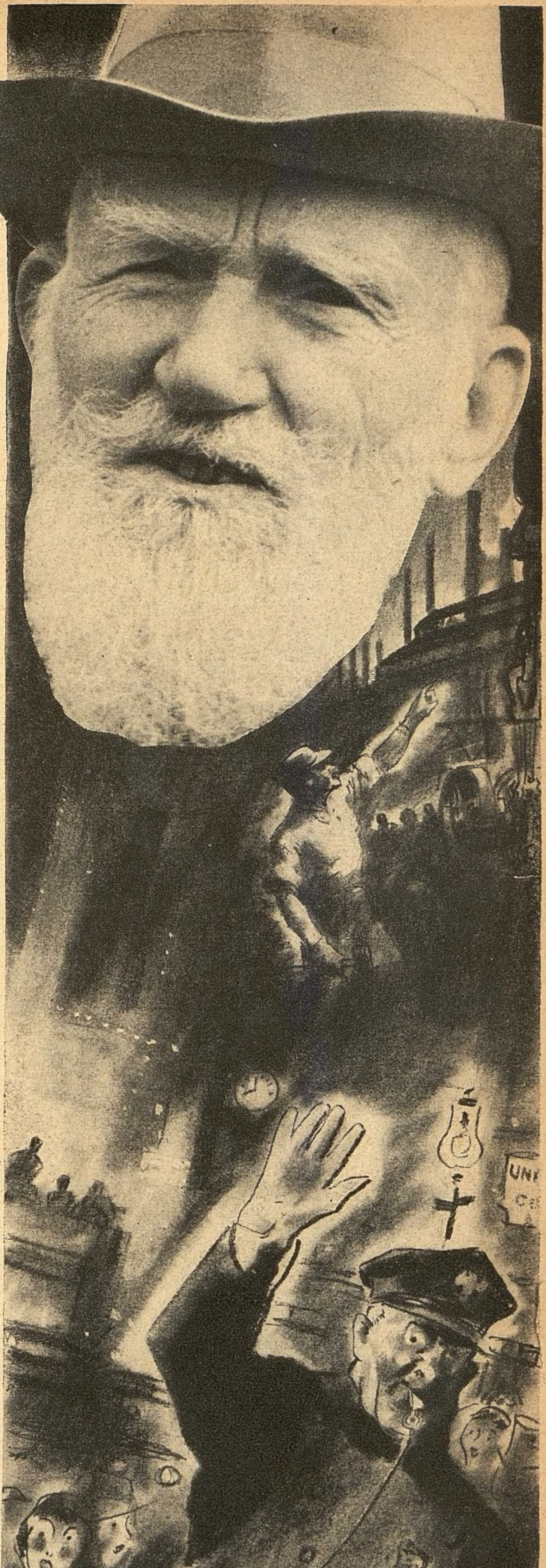
If by democracy you mean our party parliaments, which is the only reality it has produced, then it is obvious that it mars even the best men and produces no results that it can possibly stave off.

Our parliamentary system is not worth preserving, but is so mischievous that any energetic political adventurer can make himself popular by promising to abolish it.

As for the supposition that the Fascist systems make for war, and that our "democratic" system makes for peace, no system can safeguard peace where pugnacity is esteemed a virtue.

The most effective check on pugnacity at present is poison gas. But the cure is viler than the disease.

THE END



DICTATOR. EVERY SHIP CAPTAIN, EVERY POLICEMAN AT THE STREET CROSSING, IS A DICTATOR.

STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

MUST I BE DAFFY TO BE A DODGER?

by Babe Ruth

Human, revealing—A great star of yesteryear speaks from his heart of the game he loves and defends a much-maligned team

I'M back in baseball. I'm a Dodger. I'm one of what Westbrook Pegler once called the Daffiness Boys. I'm a Brooklyn Boy.

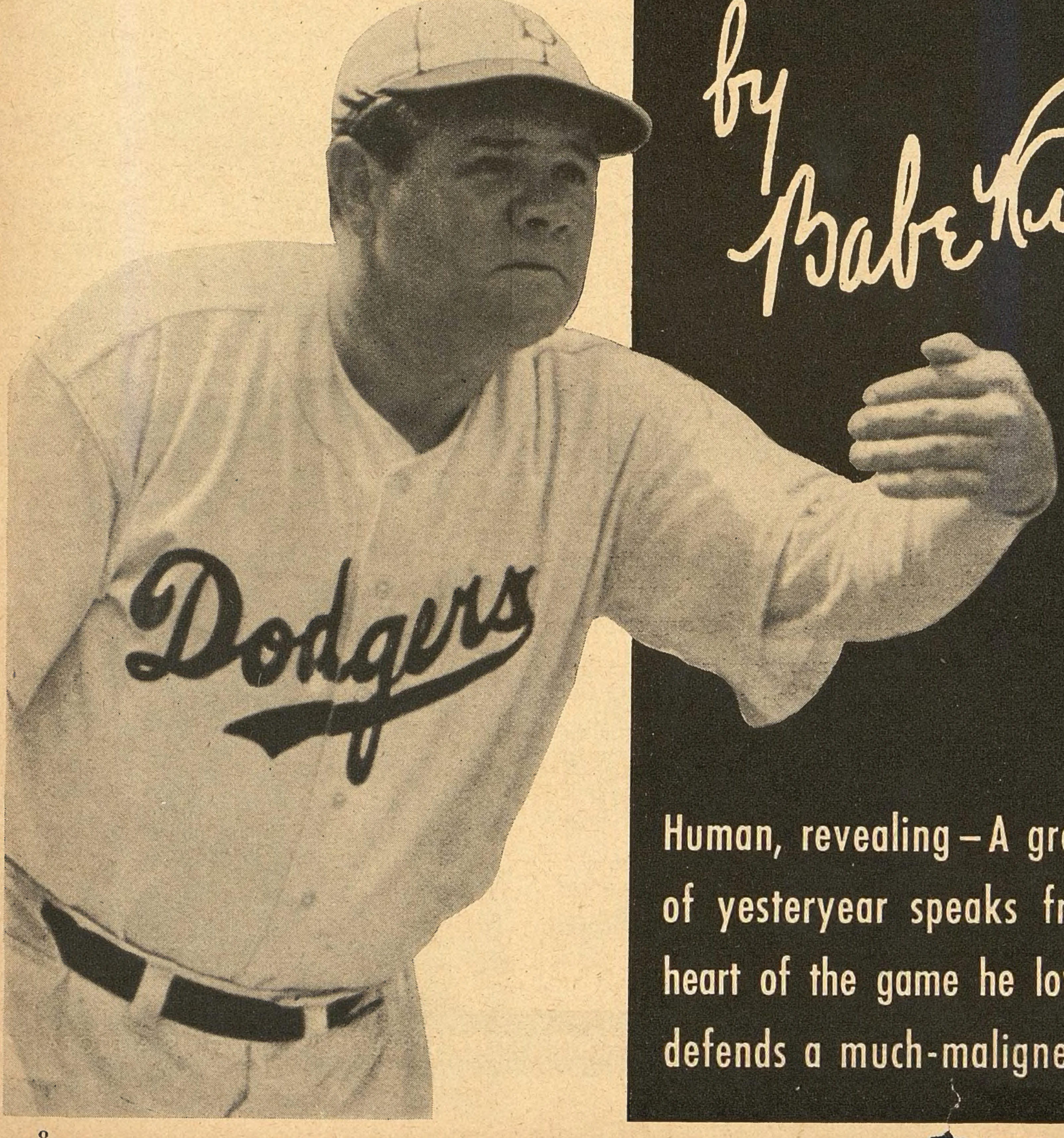
How come? Well, I've been in baseball all my life. It gave me a home, a business, a reputation, happiness, ambition, and my share of fame. It became a part of me, and it wasn't very easy for me to live without it.

Naturally I wanted to get back into it after a few pretty long months out of it. I'm a young man. I've got good health, plenty of energy, an urge for physical activity. I could never be satisfied merely sitting at home. I couldn't even be satisfied just playing golf, and that, next to baseball, is the greatest game in the world.

So I got back into baseball.

Mind you, the chance to join the Brooklyn club wasn't my first chance to get back into the game. But it was my best, and there are lots of reasons for my saying this, none of them financial. They all relate, instead, to my love of baseball as a sport. To me baseball is and always has been a sport first, a business afterward.

I joined the Brooklyn club not because I needed money but because I didn't need money. Go on and laugh. I'm laughing too. But that's a fact. There were other offers that carried as much, or more, dough on the barrelhead. But Larry McPhail offered me more than money—and don't let that old managerial bug bite you when I say this.



McPhail offered me a place in *real* baseball. A place that carried as much real, pure baseball fun and enjoyment as any job I've ever had. He offered me a place in the best baseball town in America. He offered me a place in a town where the fans take their baseball as a sport, a game, something to love and fight over and live for, not a means of spending an afternoon with an out-of-town buyer or placing a few cheap bets.

McPhail is a business man—but he's also a baseball fan. He loves the game. If he's irritable and hard to understand at times, it's because he's so intensely interested in his business. The same goes for Burleigh Grimes, the Brooklyn manager.

There's always a ball game out on the field when you're in a Brooklyn uniform. Grimes is on the bench, fuming and sweating and pleading and cussing, but he's in the ball game all the time. McPhail's up in the stands behind the bench, praying and hoping and playing his own style of baseball every minute. The fans are out there in the stands to see that Brooklyn team win or die trying.

That's baseball. That's the sort of thing that gets into your veins, under your skin, shakes the years off you, makes you feel that you're back in your own element. The Dodgers make mistakes still, but they try. As this was written they were moving up on the first division and playing the fastest, most aggressive, and daring baseball in the National League. They were trying everything, fighting for their points, battling umpires, riding high, wide, and handsome. They were giving this old gentleman such a thrill as he hadn't known since he was a kid, coming up.

All these things combine to produce the reason for why I am a Dodger and to answer that question, " Must I be daffy to be a Dodger? " Coming back into baseball, I think now that I would have been a little daffy not to be a Dodger.

Where else could I have gotten the break I got from the Dodgers? Where else could I have found baseball for baseball's sake, as I love it? Where else could I have found the fans as solidly wrapped up in a team that, win or lose, always tries? I can freely say, " Nowhere else in the major leagues."

Now we come to that managerial business. Certainly I want to be a big-league manager. Anybody as interested in baseball as I am is bound to want to be. But I didn't sign with the Brooklyn club because I thought I was going to be made its manager. I signed because I wanted to get back into baseball, to feel the sod soft and springy beneath my feet, to get up there and take a cut, even in batting practice and exhibition games, to be a part of and not a mere witness to the game that made me happy, almost wealthy, and a little famous.

I'll get my managerial chance, but when I do I want to have earned it. I want to prove that I can lead men and direct them. I have a lot of well meaning friends in this world who have caused a considerable rumpus because I wasn't offered a big-league managerial job—in a public way. They pictured me as a whining malcontent who thought he should be given the best job in baseball simply because he'd been one of the stars and had put a lot of money into baseball's treasury.

WELL, baseball put a lot of money into *my* treasury. And I haven't forgotten that. To be sure, I hoped to manage a big-league club. But I didn't sit up in my apartment pouting and sneering at other managers and encouraging boycotts of a game that gave me a full and happy life just because I wasn't flooded with offers to take competent managers' jobs.

Actually, I had tentative offers to manage major-league clubs. But they weren't the sort of offers that made sense. I waited until the right offer came along, then took it. I took a lesser title because it was the job I wanted.

Do I hear a large uncouth fellow in the gallery sneering, " Oh, yeah? You passed up managers' jobs and took a job as a coach? Oh, yeah? "

Well, why not? Do I need any more prestige out of baseball? Or do I need the sort of baseball job that will carve a new career for me in the game? I don't need money in the sense that I have to drive a hard financial bargain. What I need is contentment in the game, the hustle that guarantees a chance to develop along new lines, the old spirit of baseball in my blood. My prestige will take care of itself—I hope.

Let me put myself on record here by saying that Burleigh Grimes is my type of manager. Or maybe I should say baseball player. He plays to win. He fights, whether he's on the ball field or off. He sticks his chin out and gets it belted, but he shakes his head and comes back for more.

As for the baseball of today, it is on a more prosperous and promising basis than I've ever seen it. Crowds are larger, enthusiasm is higher, more kids are playing (in spite of the soft-ball craze), and more money is being spent for the comfort and convenience of customers.

I know of no business in the world that has made such substantial gains in the last few years. At a time when many other businesses were declining, baseball advanced, not steadily, but speedily. I had many business opportunities after my retirement from baseball, but I came back to baseball. On the subject of daffiness, wouldn't I be daffy if I hadn't thrown in with a business that's gaining all the time?

SOME one is sure to bring up the subject, wherever I stop for a cup of tea, of the relative strength of the National and American leagues. Since I've been with the Dodgers, I've been asked about that a thousand times. It seems to be the universal fan question and I'm expected to answer it.

Well, I'll answer it as well as my limited association with the National League will permit. In a few words, how could the American League be stronger than the National? It's poppycock and I'll give some reasons.

To begin with, they have more or less identical scouting systems. The theory that there are more wealthy magnates willing to spend money in the American than the National is stupid. Phil Wrigley is one of the wealthiest men in America. When he spent the equivalent of $200,000 for Dizzy Dean he proved what kind of magnate he was. And he's spent plenty for other players—Chuck Klein for one.

Powell Crosley of Cincinnati is a wealthy man and he'll spend his money. The Pittsburgh club is a club that has grown rich on baseball. Show the Pirates a man worth the money and Mrs. Dreyfuss will sign as big a check for him as any magnate in baseball. They didn't buy Paul Waner for haircut money and they didn't hold back when young Handley demanded five figures for putting his name on a contract. In fact, they outbid at least four of the very rich American League clubs.

Sam Breadon at St. Louis is a wealthy man. He operates a tremendous business enterprise. He spends more money developing one star player in his farm system than a great many clubs pay out, cash on the line in a lump, for more highly advertised players.

So much for the money side of it. It is absurd to believe that the American League could run on year in and year out grabbing the best players and leaving the culls for the National. The law of averages would take care of that. The Yankees got Joe DiMaggio not because they bid higher than anybody else but because they bought a ballplayer with a bad leg at a blamed good price. They got a bargain. If he made good, their investment, a comparatively small one, was swell. If he didn't he was still a fine buy for their Pacific Coast League or International League club. They were willing to buy a crippled kid without haggling. The National League clubs weren't cheaper. They simply waited to see how his injury came out, or intended to. If the Yankees had given them a chance to watch DiMagg return to form, I have an idea Wrigley would have gone higher, even, than Ruppert. The Cubs always have been sweet on Coast Leaguers—far sweeter than the Yankees.

I seem to have said my say about that business of being daffy to join the Dodgers, or having to be. Well, I'm not like the guy who said you didn't have to be crazy to be a catcher but that it helped. You don't have to be daffy to be a Dodger, and under McPhail and Burleigh Grimes it doesn't even help.

THE END

THE GIRL BEYOND

Of youth and love and memories—A stirring story of a boy's strange pilgrimage to peace

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

DON'T holler and don't run! Or—or—" The boy's legs wavered under him in the hazel thicket. He tried to keep the fore sight of the gun steady on the girl out there in the steep woods lane.

" I'm not going to do either," she said. She had on a man's felt hat, battered and too big. Her gray eyes studied him without apparent fright. This only bewildered him the more.

" What are you doing way out here in the woods? " he challenged.

" It's not way out in the woods; it's my land. I was going up to the top pasture for the steers."

" Steers! " Suspicion flamed. " I know where I am. Do you think I think this is Texas or somewhere? "

" Oxen. We use them to plow with."

In a notch in the farther ridge the Connecticut River was visible. Not many miles to the south lay the Boston Post Road, from which the boy had escaped fifty-odd hours before. Somewhere else, third side of the imprisoning triangle, was another broad macadam highway, loud and ablaze with freight trucks; coming out upon it the night before unexpectedly, he had ducked back into the woods.

He said hotly: " Oh, yeah? Plow with oxen! Tell me another."

" They're best, where there's rocks." The simplicity of the words was calculated to calm him. " My father always used them. Now some Polish people want to see them. They think of buying the farm. I suppose we'll have to let it go. Grandpa's old."

Below, at a little distance across, there was visible a small white cube with a cupola. " I teach there, seven grades." And in the same tone: " You might as well quit wrestling with that gun. It's not loaded, and it's so rusty it wouldn't go off if it were. You got it out of the old saw shed up above. It's grandpa's." She stepped to the rubble of rocks that had been the lane wall once and reached a hand. " You'd better come out of there."

He took the hand and came, bumping the top stones with the knees of his soiled threadbare slacks. He had on sneakers and a leather jacket, but was hatless.

He sat down heavily on the grass between the ruts. " All right," he mumbled. " I'm too tired. Go on and bring 'em."

" Bring who? "

" Go on and bring 'em. I'm hungry. I've got to eat."

" The house isn't far. My name's Cole. Mary Cole."

He frowned at the turf. " Mine's Jack."

" Well, you come on with me and I'll give you a meal."

" No! " He struggled to his knees. " No, I won't! "

" Who's after you? What have you done, Jack? "

Water blurred his eyes. " I tell you the truth, Mary—not a thing."

Mary studied him. " Where are you from? "

" The Coast—Pasadena."

" My, that's a long way."

" And a long time. A year, almost, since I left there. Where I meant to go was Hollywood. There's jobs there. When my father died there wasn't much to go on, for the family. That's why I started for Hollywood. But you know how it is when you hitchhike."

A detour of seven thousand, on a road of twenty, miles! Mary could only stare. " You get so," he explained, " anybody that'll stop, you'll go where they're going."

Mary couldn't laugh. " Well, the steers can wait. I'll go and bring you up something."

" Would you? "

He remained sitting on his heels and watched her walk away.

What was it about her? A certain plainness, perhaps, of speech and of carriage; the set of her head. Something

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

THE SUNSET

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

alien to the scene and scheme of the America he knew.

He thought to himself: A schoolteacher! At her age! She's no older than I am. He thought: And she's not really homely either. He did not realize that "homely" in its antique sense was what this Cole girl was.

She had passed from sight in the bendings of the lane before panic reawakened.

Where's she going? Straight and tell 'em, I bet a dollar. Am I easy! Sit here like a sap!

He ran down the lane. "Mary!" he called. "Wait!"

There was no answer. Still he ran. He continued to call until his breath was gone. He slowed to a walk. Since he couldn't catch her, he ought to turn back. It was simply because it was downhill that he went on.

Quite suddenly he was out of the woods, fields opening on either side. Absurdly little fields to the eyes of the West. There was a pear tree by the wall where he stopped. A whim of wind, come with sunset, whirled in the branches overhead and sent down a snow of petals. Panic, strangeness, left him.

He sat down on the wall under the tree. He ran a finger through the thin drift of petals on it, followed the flat dry-laid stones along with his eyes. For the past two days and nights he had been coming upon such walls, threading everywhere through the woods.

He looked for the house below and did not see it at first. The weathered silver of its shingles and its gambrel shape nestled too naturally in the foliage about it, too like another of the glacial boulders that outcropped here and there in the slant fields. It was easier to distinguish other houses, farther off on the opposing slope, where their white sides showed, tiny among their own tiny fields. In one of them a light was lit as he looked, two windows yellow in the bluing dusk.

The boy thought: Has it been real?

The miles. Thousands, thousands, thousands. Hunger. Bags to sleep on in a truck's tail. Miles, miles, miles. Was there really anything like that beyond the rim of this quiet vale? A feeling as strong as it was strange laid hold of the boy:

I've been here before.

He hadn't, of course. He couldn't shake it off, though. Have I ever been anywhere else but here?

Another wind brought another flurry of pear petals down. Through it he saw a figure. It was an old, old, narrow man. In one hand he had a stick and in the other slices of bread with cottage cheese between them. "My granddaughter wanted I should fetch this up," he said in a high voice, and added, "I don't like it."

"Oh—I—much obliged." Jack took the bread and cheese. Hunger had ceased to press him. "Where is she?"

"Gone to Four Corners for some meat to fry. I don't like it. Car thieves aren't welcome in this community."

Hotly: "Who says I'm one!" The boy thrust the sandwich toward the bony hands. "I don't want it."

"Eat!" Impatience pitched the thin voice higher still.

Hunger was awake again. Jack chewed sullenly.

"That's what's wrong with you out there." The old one waved his stick toward the valley's rim. "Thieving, rackets, gangs, what do they come from? Wanting more than is good enough for you. It's the sickness of America."

"Yes, but—"

"This piece of land. I went to college in Middletown. I've been to England and Scotland. Read the classics. Lived to be eighty-three. On this land that fed my father and his father. A full life, a rich life."

There was Mary, silver-misted in the beginning of moonlight. The boy arose from the wall. Rapt senility paid no heed.

"Without thieving, without coveting, or overreaching."

"Please, grandpa, don't get off on that." Mary was between them. She took the old one's hand and turned her eyes on the young one.

"I've been hearing things at Four Corners," she said. "It turns out the bridge tender at Saybrook saw a man give you a dollar to take that auto to Norwich for him. The man that really stole it, they say now."

The boy sat down again. Tears ran down his cheeks.

"So you see?" There was humor in her words, a kind of gentle raillery. Yet it seemed as if her eyes took no part in it. They went on studying him in the same strange—was it wondering?—way. "You see now how foolish of you to run off, Jonathan."

He started up at the name. He stared. Again the note of humor: "You left your wallet with your old California license in that car. Jonathan is the name."

"I know, but I've always been called Jack. Jonathan was my father's name, and my grandfather's. I guess that's why they stuck me with it."

"Come," Mary said. "I've supper to get."

His knees felt wobbly; she took his hand too, and he was glad.

They came down through bars and past a barnyard and into the shadow of the elms that embowered the four-square high-eaved house.

A barn door was open, big and black, near at hand. A scent of cattle, though no cattle were in it, and a fragrance of gone hay came out to Jonathan. And then there was the cool breath of a springhouse, rock and fern, water and wood. A lamplit kitchen window, squared off in twenty panes. Things never known, attacking him; wave on wave of a queer nostalgia.

"This was what you out West would call an old house when we moved into it—in seventeen ninety-seven."

"*Seventeen* ninety-seven! You mean *eighteen*—" He shut his mouth and reddened in the dark. But Mary didn't laugh.

"They still called this road the King's Road when 'we' came here from up Hartford way. A quiet life, a full life, as grandpa likes to put it. A hundred and forty years isn't long enough for much to happen in."

"Except—my gosh—" Some unsuspected loyalty bred of hustling generations and raw lands came up.

"Except, you mean, that about the time 'we' moved in here, a straggle of men were carrying their axes across the Alleghenies to chop a handful of acres out of the beginning of the wilderness—and *now* look!"

"Well, I should say!" His vehemence made both laugh.

"And here you are, starving, while I talk. Come," said Mary. An instant she held back, though. "Jonathan, I don't always go on so—or even often. It's just tonight—something that's happened." She set off for the kitchen door at nearly a run and Jonathan followed.

IT WAS the real kitchen, the old one, broad across the house, still used for what the builder had meant it, cooking and eating. The cavern of the fireplace had been walled up to take the pipe of a wood stove the better part of a century ago, but the pump was at the sink still, the immemorial checked sash curtains fresh at the windows, the woodwork everywhere polished by smoke and scouring, and Mary's feet as she went about supper followed paths hollowed in the floor.

It was as if the brown shadows of the room had voices and spoke to Jonathan. "Rest," they seemed to be saying in accents dimly remembered; "take your rest." He no longer thought of the other footsteps, but closing his eyes he listened to Mary's and in the deep of an old chair he nodded and slept.

And awoke to a table set with a white cloth and veal browned in the pan, and gravy made, and mashed potatoes and mashed turnips, and pickled tomatoes, cucumbers, and beets.

The old man ruminated, eyes turned inward, through the meal. Nor did Jonathan have much to say. Mary had the air of biding time, holding breath, looking forward.

This came out strongly when, taking a lamp and going below for a jar of peach preserves for dessert, she found Jonathan had followed halfway down the open stair, bent double there, sniffing at the smell of earth and timber, eyes circling the gloom, round as an owl's.

"Mary, this is the first cellar I've ever been in." Suddenly Jonathan laughed out loud. "Is there an attic too?"

It was then it was so plain she'd been holding her breath.

"Attic, Jonathan? Why?"

"Can I see it? Because I think I know something."

She gave him the strangest look. "Come on."

They went through the kitchen into a hall and up a flight of hollowed stairs and along another hall, and their shadows followed them. The old man, aroused and querulously curious, came padding after them.

When they had climbed a narrower and steeper stair up into the big double-raftered loft, Jonathan stood for half a minute, his nose working comically like a rabbit's to the air of the place, his eyes going everywhere amongst the jumbled generations of things saved. Then again he laughed aloud.

"That's where. Big Gran'ma!"

Mary sat down on a trunk and kept still.

"My great-grandmother—we called her Big Gran'ma—she lived with us out home. Well, I've had the darnedest feeling I'd known some place—*been* some place—like this before. Now I've thought where it was. It was in Big Gran'ma's bed when I was so little I can hardly remember, and she was telling me stories of when she was young back East."

"Back East?"

"Indiana, she was born. But they moved to Iowa. It was the cellar put me on to it now. Cellar and attic. She was awful old—too old to get used to bungalows—and that's the way her homesickness took her, I guess, the way she'd always hark back to her house with a cellar and attic when she was young. I was so little, myself, I guess that's why she could make everything about that old home as real to me as it was to her. She lived to be ninety-eight—outlived her grandson, my father, by a week, last spring."

From the depths of the stair well the old man listened.

"You see, when she started out with my great-grandfather, they had their house, with an attic and cellar and eighty acres, in Indiana. In Illinois they had a cabin with just a loft, 'a kind of an attic', she used to say, and no cellar, but more land. They ended up in Iowa, in a dugout, with two square miles of prairie, and he was killed by an Indian.

"Well, the land her son had—that was my father's father—one time or another in one state or another—if we had it now with all that's on it we'd be richer than Ford. But he was like 'em all, Big Gran'ma said, restless to be going, beginning, opening up—like something he wasn't to blame for so much as the land itself was, she used to say. My father put all he had into a desert tract out home—had it all in orchards and ranches—in a blueprint—if irrigation ever came. He was kind of a dreamer, my father.

"When father went, we had to let go the tract so as to buy a cemetery lot. Big Gran'ma was failing too, but when she heard that, she raised up in bed. 'Well, thank God. At last,' she said, 'we've some land we're like to stay with.' She lay back and started to laugh then, and that's the way she died, right there."

Mary rose from the trunk and studied him. "Kind of a dreamer."

"My father, I meant." Embarrassment fell upon him. "Well, I got into a lot of talk, figuring how it was I sort of feel at home here."

"How it was?" A smile trembled on her lips. That troubled him, as did the beauty that seemed to have enveloped her strongly of a sudden, as it were some mystical kind of coming into bloom. She turned and held the lamp higher, and he would have looked where she looked had his eyes not been taken by sight of grandpa's head thrust out of the stair well flush with the floor, like John the Baptist's head on the salver.

KIND of dreamer!" he cackled. He'd found the springboard to get him going. "That's what ailed Adam here."

"Adam—who?"

"Not the Adam that cleared this farm, but his son that cleared off it. Dreamer, so the story goes. Got to dreaming one day when he was plowing the low field. When he came to the end he never took the share out of the ground—plowed right out the gate and into the road before folks stopped him.

"'What's the matter, ain't the field big enough for the plow?'

"'No,' says he for an answer. 'No, and it never will be big enough.'

"'Where you calculating to plow to—Saybrook Ferry?'

"They had his dander up, I suppose. He stood there, stubborn, staring to the west. The sun was just going down.

"'Why stop at Saybrook Ferry?' says he. 'Why not do something worth a man's while—lay a furrow clean to the setting sun?'

"With that, he took his coat from the wall and started off down the road with his hands in his pockets. 'May take some while,' he called back, 'so tell 'em not to wait supper.' That's the last was ever seen of him. Start dreaming—and up crazy—that's what happened to Adam."

Jonathan stood there with his brow creased. "Adam—*who?*"

"Not Adam anybody—that was the *name*," said Mary. "Stand up here and look." She took the lamp and held it up. And he saw, bitten in the oak of the master beam above him by an ancient chisel: 1737—JONATHAN ADAM—HIS HOUSE.

"Jonathan Adam—why—but—that's my name!" And after a moment, in a queerer way: "That's me."

"Oh, my Godfrey!" The head of John the Baptist vanished, and they heard him scuttling in panic down the stair.

Mary put down the lamp. The boy, still dazed, got to the floor.

"Sit down, Jonathan."

He sat down on the trunk and blinked about him, where the roof arched away in the gloom. Me, he thought—me that built it—me that left it! Abrupt, overpowering, there had come a sense of the identity of his life with the saga of Jonathan Adam, straight back through, as if it were possible to remember vividly the day when he took his coat from the wall and started out along the road to the ferry.

He said to himself: A furrow to the setting sun.

The miles came back to him, reversed, unrolling to the west, the myriad and interminable miles of America. Shallow soil, deep soil, hill soil, valley soil, curling steadily from the share of the plow before him, mile by mile by mile. Lengthening behind him, year by year, state by state, till the sun went down into the Pacific, and the soil was a nation, the job done, the furrow finished at a plot just big enough for a dream to lie at peace in, no longer driven.

He looked down at his hands, found them clenched and opened them. As if, for all the world, taking them at last from the worn ash handles of the plow of that incredible furrow.

He shook himself and muttered, "Haywire!" He flushed to see that Mary had watched his hands; flushed deeper when her eyes came up to his with a light in them, and knew she had followed his thoughts.

If there was a breath of laughter in her words, it was because it was part of the breath she'd been holding so long.

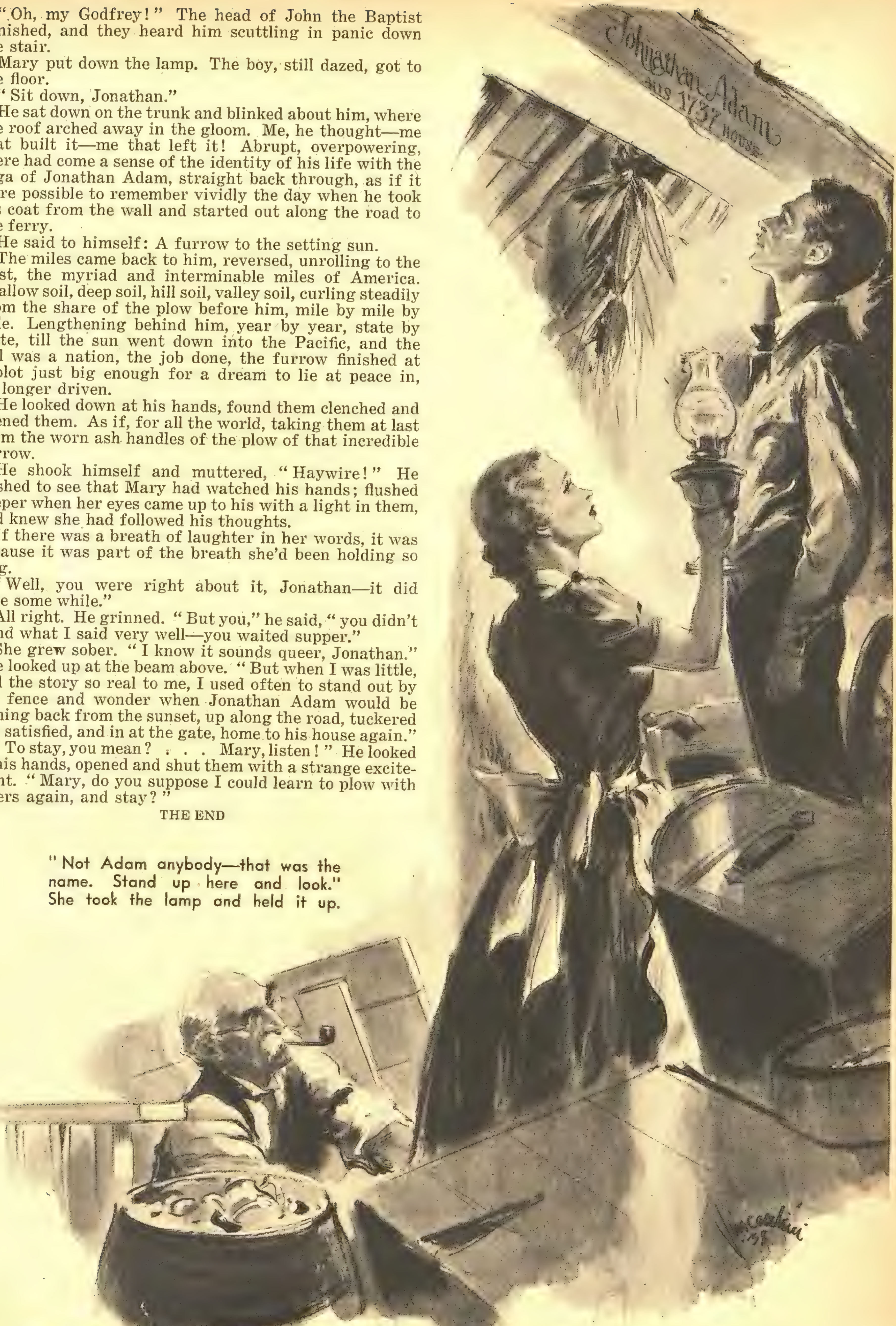
"Well, you were right about it, Jonathan—it did take some while."

All right. He grinned. "But you," he said, "you didn't mind what I said very well—you waited supper."

She grew sober. "I know it sounds queer, Jonathan." She looked up at the beam above. "But when I was little, and the story so real to me, I used often to stand out by the fence and wonder when Jonathan Adam would be coming back from the sunset, up along the road, tuckered but satisfied, and in at the gate, home to his house again."

"To stay, you mean? . . . Mary, listen!" He looked at his hands, opened and shut them with a strange excitement. "Mary, do you suppose I could learn to plow with steers again, and stay?"

THE END



"Not Adam anybody—that was the name. Stand up here and look." She took the lamp and held it up.

HOW TO FORGIVE YOUR FRIENDS

A glamorous lady reveals a secret of her joyous philosophy of living

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IN various parts of the world men are fighting, killing, destroying. They battle for a cause, they say, for a principle, "for the right." Some of them even claim they fight in the name of God.

The world is full of hate when it should be full of love. The world is steeped in misery and woe when it should be radiant with happiness. Why? Because so many of us seek happiness selfishly.

Don't we know that we cannot go calmly about our own happiness while others are suffering? How much more foolish, then, to seek happiness in slaughtering our fellow men—even our enemies!

Man has an instinctive desire for happiness, a natural thirst for it that must be slaked at the fount of life. But he cannot possibly attain happiness, he has no right to happiness, until he learns how to make others happy.

Man is God's greatest, noblest creation. Yet man is the only creature who hates, the only creature who can turn the God-given love within him into poisonous malice.

It is because man is untaught in the things of the spirit that he yields to hatred. He does not realize that in order to hate some one he must first hate himself. He does not realize that hatred hurts him as much as it hurts those on whom it is spent.

He does not realize that love means kindness and sympathy and pity—and that such things mean ecstatic happiness. He does not understand that he can reap only what he sows.

Everybody desires love and happiness. Yet even those who long for it most ardently sometimes emanate nothing but hate—because they do not know what is right.

You may say, "What is right? What do you mean by that expression?"

You will know what is right through your feelings. When you have developed spiritual power—and you can develop it; the greatest power on earth, the only perfection on earth—you will not need to ask, "What is right?" You will know.

Violence, cruelty, stupidity, envy—all the chaos of unhappiness in the world today—will exist until soul development is universally understood and practiced. It must be practiced by nations as well as individuals, for nations have souls such as their people have.

There is only one Force, whatever name you may give to it—the Force that put us all here, no matter what our race, our color, or our creed. That Force never intended one set of humans to occupy a place of glory and another to grovel in fear and anguish. Man has brought about such conditions because he lacks intelligence, because he does not understand his spiritual connection with life.

He forgets that God, and only God, gives life. He forgets that God belongs to all of us and that we all belong to God. He forgets it, or he will not believe it, or he has not learned and will not learn it.

Only the truly intelligent do not forget. And by the truly intelligent I do not mean those steeped only in scientific or diplomatic or intellectual pursuits. I mean those who have acquired the true knowledge, the knowledge of those eternal laws ordained as Right.

All who have this knowledge must teach it, must become living examples to those who do not have it. They must leaven the world with the ecstasy of their knowledge; must spread it far and wide, so that all people will love sincerely, so that all people will be happy.

THAT FORCE NEVER INTENDED ONE SET OF HUMANS TO OCCUPY A

Friends have said to me, "Why bother about people? If they do not know what they should know, that is their own misfortune."

I forgive my friends for this. It is as important to forgive our friends as it is to forgive our enemies, though sometimes it is harder to do. Nobody can wound us more deeply than a friend, not even an enemy who comes to us in the guise of a friend.

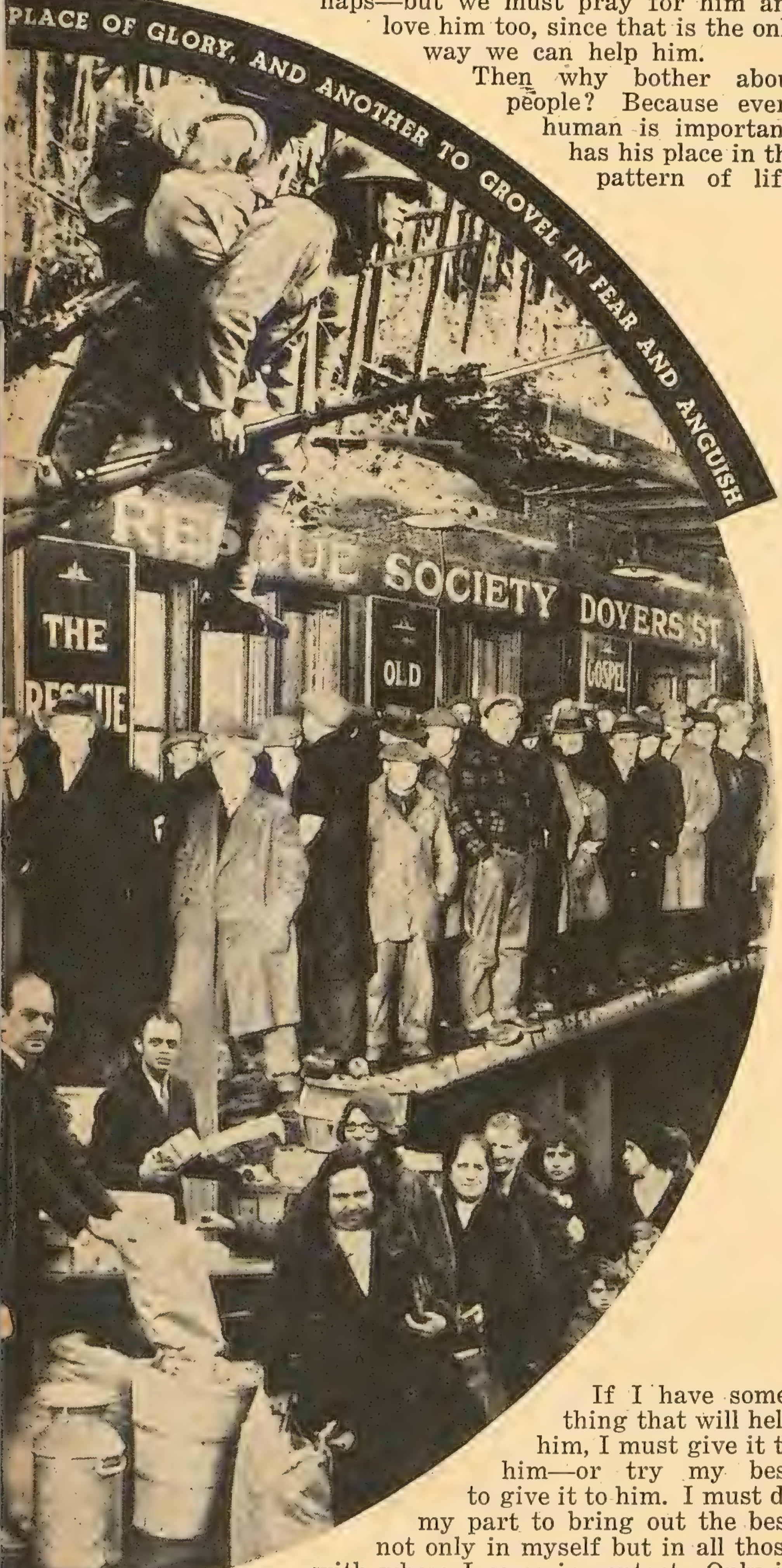
Forgive your friends and they may forgive you.

That isn't meant to be funny. Friends have more opportunities to hurt us than any enemy could have. The more we love them, the deeper can they hurt us—especially those who do not think spiritually.

We go to a friend with open arms, with joy in our hearts—and sometimes we find ourselves walking into a jungle. In such case we must retreat, we must fly. Oh, there may be an orchid in that jungle. There may be many of them. But there are wild beasts there too, and poisonous fruits, and deadly crawling things. We must escape—for our own happiness, and for our friend's.

We must forgive him. We must pity him because of the jungle that has grown up in his mind and the things that jungle harbors. We must avoid him perhaps—but we must pray for him and love him too, since that is the only way we can help him.

Then why bother about people? Because every human is important, has his place in the pattern of life.


PLACE OF GLORY, AND ANOTHER TO GROVEL IN FEAR AND ANGUISH
RESCUE SOCIETY DOYERS ST.
THE RESCUE
OLD
GOSPEL

If I have something that will help him, I must give it to him—or try my best to give it to him. I must do my part to bring out the best not only in myself but in all those with whom I come in contact. Only in this way will the world know its true glory.

Every one has a right to happiness. Every one must do his part to make every one else happy. Why should I shirk my part? Can I be happy alone? Can any one be selfishly happy? Impossible. Can any one be happy without loving? That is inconceivable.

BY
MAE MURRAY

Love God. Love your neighbor. In those two sentences are comprised all true religion, all happiness, all advancement to happiness, all real intelligence.

Children should be taught this early, for the things a child first learns it retains to the last. The first morning lesson in all schools should be a spiritual lesson. And the teacher should be big in heart and spirit, an intelligent crusader for happiness.

Love and happiness are here for all of us. God saw to that. Happiness comes only from love. Then why don't we use love? Why don't we teach our children how to use it? Love is a far greater power than hate—as God is a far greater power than man. Love is the magic that can transform the world, potent magic that will work.

The knowledge of the power of love must not be withheld from any one; for the pure joy that comes from the use of this knowledge will fill every individual so full he will have no room for hate.

Love God. Love everybody. Love those who hate you. Love the friends who trespass too often on your time, who bore you, who slight you, who borrow the things you cannot afford to lend, who cling too tightly to you, who ask too many favors, who slander and revile you behind your back. Remember you have your defects too. You may bore your friends. You may annoy them dreadfully. You may get on their nerves more than they do on yours.

THERE is no superiority that is not man-made. No man or woman is superior to any other, except in the eyes of other men and women. God made all of us; and though His finger shaped each of us differently, we all have the divine spark within us.

Children born of real love have the best chance for happiness—for there is joy at their coming. They grow up loved and loving. But all children are born with love in them. All are born with souls that must be developed. And those children who are unwanted, who are not greeted with love—it is essential they be tenderly, lovingly cared for, that they acquire love, that they be taught to love.

We have the most wonderful country in the world because it was built on love—love of God, love of freedom to worship Him, love of all the persecuted and oppressed, the fugitives from hatred who came here as to a sanctuary. There was a spiritual fire kindled by those first settlers that has never gone out. Pray God it never does go out!

A human career founded on the same kind of love has the seeds of greatness in it too. Abraham Lincoln was born in a humble home in the wilderness. He knew privations and hardships in his earliest days, but there was plenty of love in that rude abode, plenty of understanding, plenty of patience. Had he been warped by hatred, by selfishness, envy, greed, or malice, would he have become the Abraham Lincoln we know and love?

"With malice toward none; with charity for all," he said; "with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

What made Lincoln great? It was the soul within him, the soul that loved all people, enemies and friends, that forgave all people, that tried to help all people, that had no selfishness in it, no hate of any kind, the soul he had developed.

It is intelligent to be simple and honest and loving, as Lincoln was. And it takes that kind of intelligence to preach peace on earth, good will toward men.

THE END

AFTER SPAIN—

Editor's Note: Dr. Gregorio Marañon, historian and statesman, is known as "the Father of the Spanish Republic." He is one of Spain's foremost intellectuals, and has in his own country a reputation comparable with that of Mr. H. G. Wells, to whom—as a kindred spirit in liberalism—he was host in Spain at the time when the republic was established.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

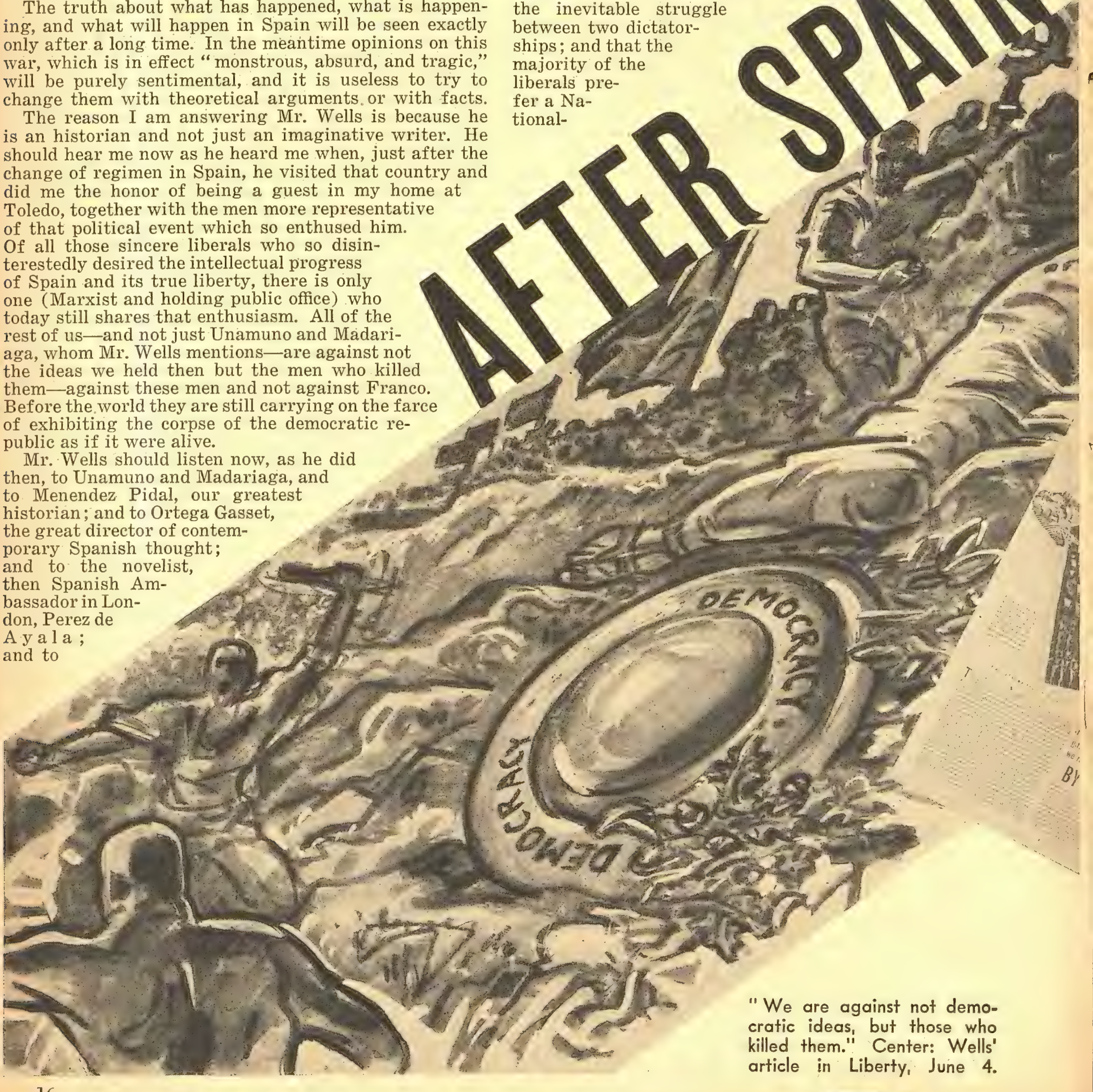
IF I have permitted myself to ask the editor to publish these lines in answer to the article of the same title by Mr. Wells which appeared in this magazine, it is not because I believe in the efficacy of political polemics.

Men's attitude toward great social events, in most cases, springs from the emotions and very seldom from reasoning. Loyal changes in man's political opinion are nearly always effected by "conversions," that is, by affective stirring up, and only very rarely by intellectual conviction.

The truth about what has happened, what is happening, and what will happen in Spain will be seen exactly only after a long time. In the meantime opinions on this war, which is in effect "monstrous, absurd, and tragic," will be purely sentimental, and it is useless to try to change them with theoretical arguments or with facts.

The reason I am answering Mr. Wells is because he is an historian and not just an imaginative writer. He should hear me now as he heard me when, just after the change of regimen in Spain, he visited that country and did me the honor of being a guest in my home at Toledo, together with the men more representative of that political event which so enthused him. Of all those sincere liberals who so disinterestedly desired the intellectual progress of Spain and its true liberty, there is only one (Marxist and holding public office) who today still shares that enthusiasm. All of the rest of us—and not just Unamuno and Madariaga, whom Mr. Wells mentions—are against not the ideas we held then but the men who killed them—against these men and not against Franco. Before the world they are still carrying on the farce of exhibiting the corpse of the democratic republic as if it were alive.

Mr. Wells should listen now, as he did then, to Unamuno and Madariaga, and to Menendez Pidal, our greatest historian; and to Ortega Gasset, the great director of contemporary Spanish thought; and to the novelist, then Spanish Ambassador in London, Perez de Ayala; and to the famous musician, Falla; and to Zuloaga, the painter; and Pio Baroja, the Left Wing writer, and to two thirds of the professors of our universities—that is, to practically all of the liberals of that time who were not and are not either Marxists or Fascists. If these men, who legitimately represent intellectual Spain, think thus; if Alcala Zamora, after being removed from the Presidency, had to escape from the country to save his life; if almost all of the diplomats who represented the republic abroad at that time left their posts when the revolution broke out; if more than half of the Ministers of the infinite number of governments which the new regimen had during its short life are also in exile; if a very large part of the Spanish people (in which I include, naturally, the bourgeoisie) rose with the army on the 17th of July, 1936—are these facts sufficient to make one realize that the Spanish war is not a struggle of reaction against liberty, but rather the inevitable struggle between two dictatorships; and that the majority of the liberals prefer a National-



"We are against not democratic ideas, but those who killed them." Center: Wells' article in Liberty, June 4.

What?
AFTER SPAIN—What?
SECURITY
G. WELLS

BY DR. GREGORIO MARAÑON

Thought-provokingly, a distinguished liberal takes issue with H. G. Wells as to what will come if Franco wins

ist dictatorship for Spain rather than a Marxist one?

We prefer it exactly because it is nationalist against internationalist, and, furthermore, because those of us who have experienced both in Spain know that a Red dictatorship has more evil designs against liberty than a Nationalist one. We are not enthusiastic backers of the Nationalist movement. We are not even in Spain. We live abroad as best we can and many of us without any prospect of returning to our native land when Franco's triumph has been consummated. For this very reason our attitude has a value infinitely greater than that of all propaganda. Certainly it has for a historian of the standing of Mr. Wells.

If I could talk with Mr. Wells now as I did that afternoon in my library, I would recall for him the atmosphere of peace in which the change of regimen took place, and the theoretical inauguration of a democratic state superior to that which he and I had dreamed. Then the republic had no important enemies. For this reason it sprang from the elections without a single act of violence. A year later, when the Monarchists rose against the state in Madrid, a few police sufficed to smother the attempt. Only in view of the evident and reiterated purpose of the Marxist forces to end the regime of liberty, did public opinion begin to react.

The majority of those elected to office in November, 1933, were conservatives. The answer was the revolution in Asturias which tried to install a proletarian dictatorship. Many of those who today govern Spain in the name of the "liberal republic" were the leaders of that uprising. It took a lot of work to suppress it.

The Marxist and antiliberal forces grew more numerous day by day, and unfortunately this growth was stimulated by mistakes of the Right. Thus they triumphed in the Popular Front elections (February, 1936) in collaboration with the cowardliness and blindness of the liberals, who rashly joined the Marxist forces.

From then on all *true* liberals bitterly realized what was in store. The fact that in those elections not one Fascist candidate won, and that five months later half of Spain was Fascist, gives an idea of what happened in the six months intervening. Anything rather than a Marxist dictatorship, which seemed inevitable. This is the thought that filtered into even the most extreme groups of the Left wing, except those under the control of the Communist movement. This atmosphere alone made possible Franco's uprising. Mr. Wells calls him an "adventurer"; but that is what they called the Cid, the hero to whom Castille centuries ago owed her liberty.

Franco's was not an uprising against the liberal republic. It was an uprising of many Spaniards against the men with fur caps and goatees, who were beginning to overrun Spain. It was an uprising against the meetings presided over by portraits of Lenin and attended by members of the government, against a government which allowed the leader of the Opposition, Calvo Sotelo, to be murdered, without taking one punitive measure against the murderers. There is still further protest against a liberal Parliament which did not then utter, nor has since uttered, a single word of condemnation regarding the violent death of the leader of one of its minorities and of the deaths of many more deputies.

The Spanish liberals, those of us who were the friends and guides of Mr. Wells in Spain, are also asking ourselves, as he does, "After Spain—what?" But we have motives which he lacks to answer this question. Many of us, including myself, were in jail and lost our fortunes fighting against the dictatorship—misfortunes which certainly none of those who today make up the Barcelona government had to suffer. Then we lived in Spain until 1936, in the heart of her struggles; and beyond the Pyrenees the profound import of these struggles is unknown even to some of the great historians.

For this reason we answer Mr. Wells, as the question is also ours, that the failure of the actual democracy in the world is due exclusively to the immense farce of wanting to protect a dictatorship, respectable for those who believe in it, under the name of liberalism—a dictatorship which is infinitely more antiliberal than that of the totalitarian states. The democratic masses, and some of their highest representatives, such as Mr. Wells, take part in this fraud with good faith. Naturally, the Spanish liberals do not, and neither do the responsible forces of the democratic states. Thus the Reds in Spain, despite the fact that they are masquerading under the sheepskin of democracy, have lost the war.

THE END

BY WALTER WANGER

of Walter Wanger Productions, Inc.

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE motion-picture industry needs courage. Courage, and plenty of it—it has so little now!

Hollywood is full of good writers. It is studded with stars. It has numerous other good actors and actresses. Even the extras are good. It has producers and directors and creators in all lines who are perfectly capable of producing new and distinctive films.

The brains are there, the technical knowledge is there, the equipment is there. Plenty of money—often too much—is spent, and the sun shines all the day.

Then where are the new, distinctive films?

You who go to the movies are the same people who listen to "everything" on the radio and read everything in the newspapers and magazines. You travel about, seeing America's billboards and Europe's churchyards. You read the current best sellers and other good books. You meet interesting people and are pretty interesting yourselves. You are the same people who pay forty cents to go to the movies—and what do you get?

In two words: Censored pap!

Now, I stoutly believe that the standards of American pictures could be tremendously bettered if only so much attention were not paid to foreign markets and domestic councils of public relations.

IS HOLLYWOOD

A challenging debate! . . The public is getting censored pap, says one

It's the old story of "Yes, my blank-blank daughter . . . but don't go near the water." Oshkosh will not like this; Peoria will beef at that; Nome will resent the other thing. What will Il Duce say? Have you considered the Hitler reaction? And how about the local Chamber of Kiwanis? Mustn't! Mustn't!! Mustn't!!!

Once in a while we who are of Hollywood will start out with the makings of a pretty good picture. The turkey looks plump and nourishing going into the oven. But after it's baked or half-baked, an army of must-not experts appear with carving knives sharpened.

When that turkey is ready to be served to a hungry public, all that you see is a skeleton of thin bones.

Hollywood needs courage to make good pictures, and keep them good, despite a China Wall of taboos.

By comparison, take the very magazine that you are reading. Back in 1935 Liberty published a serial by Eric Hatch that was called Irene, the Stubborn Girl. At the time it was something new, and created a stir. Liberty's editor, Fulton Oursler, ran that serial just once. Oursler did not say, "Well, Irene was good for circulation—I might as well run it every year." He published it once, then turned to something else.

Many months after 1935, Hollywood turned out a picture with the title My Man Godfrey. It was something new, and started a parade. There were, in effect: Godfrey, My Man; My Godfrey—Man; My God, Manfrey! and so on—right down to tomorrow's release. Hollywood said, "Godfrey was good b. o. I'll make it over and over again until the public gasps for help and a new cycle."

I think the above provides a good example, for it was the Liberty serial, Irene, the Stubborn Girl, that was made into the picture, My Man Godfrey.

Hollywood cannot go on remaking My Man Godfrey and It Happened One Night forever.

I feel I have a right to talk as I do, for I have "turned to something else."

You may or may not have seen the picture, Blockade. Dieterle directed it, as well as Zola and Pasteur. While I produced Blockade, please believe that I am not seeking publicity for it—Blockade has received more publicity than any picture produced this year.

It has also received plenty of underground opposition, organized to keep people from attending the picture, because the reactionaries feel that if Blockade succeeds commercially, other producers will become courageous and perhaps ideas will begin to creep on to the screen!

Now, Blockade is a good spy story that could have appeared in Liberty. But, just because it has a timely setting *and is a film,* it is regarded as radical! The uniforms worn were confused in order to establish that the picture didn't take sides. Yet each side called it propaganda for the other side! I did, however, want to show Americans how lucky they are not to be Spaniards at this time.

I am neither a Communist, a Fascist, nor a syndicalist, but an honest American who is glad to live in the U. S. A. I believe in bigger, wetter swimming pools and more polo ponies.

I do, nevertheless, feel that I owe an editorial responsibility to my audiences. I believe in the unusual and I believe in change.

The film is an important medium that means a great deal to America. This medium has not asserted itself to its proper estate. It never will until Hollywood stops being yellow.

On the Spot?

forthright maker of films . . We produce pictures that live, says another

BY JACK L. WARNER

Vice-President in Charge of Production, Warner Brothers Studios

EVERY so often some one raises a megaphone to shout at the world what is wrong with Hollywood.

If there's an economic dip, and some of the people decide it's cheaper to stay home than to go to the movies, the style is to damn Hollywood and the caliber of its output.

Since the days of the trail-blazers Lubin and Griffith there have been good, fair, and poor pictures. That's as true today as ever. Practice in the art evidently doesn't make for perfection.

The mere fact that books have been printed and bound for centuries gives us no assurance that each and every book bearing a 1938 imprint will prove to be a good book. So it is with paintings—and with motion-picture productions.

Why do ardent moviegoers still recall with great satisfaction pictures of yesteryear? Moreover, why have some of the relics of silent screen days been successfully remade one or more times in talkies?

You'd be right in answering that there is always a market and a vogue for first-rate entertainment. There are pictures that live in—and outlive—a generation's memory because they deserve to live.

They are simply good pictures with sufficient story value, so made as to yield meaty satisfaction. Clean, inoffensive to any audience anywhere, free from propaganda—100-per-cent entertainment.

In the old silent days Vitagraph produced Captain Blood with J. Warren Kerrigan. Our company later made a talkie of the same material, which starred Errol Flynn. It proved far more popular than did the original version.

Douglas Fairbanks the elder was highly successful as an active but mute Robin Hood. That earlier picture, however, came nowhere near the gross that the recent production of Robin Hood, also starring Flynn, is expected to garner.

Fortunately we remember the good films and forget the bad. Doubtless you squirmed through some pretty painful pictures during the past ten years. How many of them—two or more years old—can you recall by name? But the fine films linger in our memories.

It is only natural that producers too have remembered such pictures and their box-office records. It is understandable that Hollywood should attempt to duplicate their success.

Courage is a commendable quality if it is not of a ruthless order that may injure some one else. Courage should be bounded by good sense and good taste.

Every one, regardless of age, education, or station in life, goes to the movies. What is acceptable to one may be objectionable to another. There are thousands of small-town or neighborhood theaters where there can be no selection of audience. Hollywood's fare best serves when it widely pleases a mixed mass audience.

The unusual is of course refreshing but loses its appeal when served too often.

Hollywood will continue to produce good pictures of strong entertainment content so long as brains, talent, and dollars are poured into the hopper. And Hollywood will continue to produce pictures of lesser grade. Although we all aim high, even the most expert marksman sometimes misses the bull's-eye.

Unfortunately there is no genius with authentic foresight who can tell us how infallibly to create nothing but four-star pictures.

We who make pictures can go wrong in the choice of a story, wrong in treatment and continuity and dialogue, wrong in production, wrong in casting, wrong in direction, wrong in editing and cutting, wrong in exploitation—or wrong in any combination of these steps.

With all our experience there is more or less gamble in each new film—a hazard element that continues until all the returns are in. For pictures are not fabricated but created, and the human factor is always uppermost.

Perhaps film production can be made a more exact science. I am hopeful that colleges will inaugurate courses of study in this young art. Our company is anxious to co-operate actively in any such movement.

Columbia University has taken a step in this direction. Harvard recently bestowed a Master of Arts degree upon Walt Disney, and that university now plans to introduce a course on the significant art of the cinema. With education should come better understanding.

It is always easier to be critical than constructive. Basically there is little wrong with Hollywood. It is a healthy sign when an industry suffers from growing pains. Despite adverse economic conditions, Hollywood is doing nicely and is in no need of a major operation.

THE END

THE MAN IN MY LIFE

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

A clue, a chase, sudden flight! Here's a breath-taking chapter in a swift and fascinating novel of mystery and love

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

AGAINST the wishes of Harley Pitt, her husband's ex-law partner, who is in love with her, Leslie Cameron decides to reopen the search for her husband, Bert, who has been missing for seven years. Bert, who was Special Prosecuting Attorney when he disappeared, was last seen dining with a dancer, Arlene Bray. When she was questioned, Arlene swore that he came to her for information about a theatrical racket and that she had never seen him before. But Leslie believes that the girl held something back. And so does Philip Ranney, who is now Special Prosecutor in Bert's place.

Trying to keep their mission a secret, Ranney and Leslie trace Arlene to Florida, where she is singing under another name. She sticks to her old story, but during their interview Leslie gets a clue to the whereabouts of Arlene's sister, Margaret Roake, whom the girl has always seemed anxious to keep out of the limelight. Believing that Margaret may know what Arlene is hiding, Leslie and Ranney start for New Mexico to see her.

In the meantime Frederick Novack, a powerful racketeer against whom Bert was collecting evidence when he vanished and in whose activities Ranney is also interested, discovers Leslie's and Ranney's plans and has them followed. His hired thugs almost succeed in kidnaping them before they reach the plane which is to take them to New Mexico, but they manage to escape and reach Little Alamo safely. On their arrival they question an innkeeper, who tells them that Margaret Roake, with her husband, Tom, and their child, lives nearby. His description of Tom fits Bert Cameron perfectly!

Leslie and Ranney hire a buckboard and start at once for the Roakes'.

PART FOUR—A RUSE THAT WORKED

THE bony gray mare they hired for a dollar panted and snorted in her struggle up the long hill. The buckboard swayed into ruts, rocking like a ship, and heaved over stones. Philip Ranney, holding the reins, chuckled, "I haven't done anything like this since I was a kid. I ought to make love to you, Les. I've always wanted to court a girl in a buggy."

Leslie didn't answer. She had to cling to the back of the seat to avoid being thrown off the wagon. Her face, as she peered up the winding trail, was taut.

"Don't look so scared," Ranney advised.

"I'm not scared. I'm just—tense. I feel something's going to happen."

They were almost a mile above Little Alamo when, at a level spot in the road, Ranney stopped the horse. Here the branches of two cottonwoods formed a sieve through

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. SCHABELITZ

which late sunlight dribbled on them in quivering golden patches. He turned to her, peered into her eyes. There was something new and strange in his expression. Seeing it, she could feel her nerves suddenly tighten.

"I suppose we're both riding with the same idea," he said. "In a few minutes you may find Bert."

She waited, nodding, inexplicably breathless.

He looked down at his lap, and his words came more slowly. "Les, there's something I'd like to get off my chest."

She murmured, "Yes, Phil?" in a spell that was almost fear.

"If this man does turn out to be Bert," he said in those low, taut tones, "it'll make quite a difference in your life. It'll make quite a difference in mine, too." He lifted his face to meet her eyes, and he swallowed hard. "I wonder if you know, Les, that I'm pretty hopelessly in love with you."

And then a rush of crazy excitement began thumping in her heart. She started to speak but no words came.

"I've got to say this now," he continued heavily. "In a few minutes, if Tom Roake turns out to be Bert, everything may be changed. You'll be different. You'll have new problems. . . . Now we're still as we were. I—I'm taking advantage of this moment."

Her damp hand fell on his. She heard herself whispering, "Phil!" and abruptly looked away, unseeing, across the desert.

He said in a low voice, "I haven't been myself since the first night I came to dinner at your place. I looked at you, and something happened. I've tried to hide it because I thought it might make traveling together awkward. But we may be at the end of the hunt. I *have* to talk up."

It seemed impossible, unnatural, and yet all her fear was suddenly gone. It was as if she had been waiting for him to say this, as if she had known it must inevitably come. She looked at him, deep into his eyes.

"Phil, I—I'm—" She stopped, helpless. Oh, didn't he realize he had picked the hardest moment of all to ask her to think clearly?

He frowned down at her hand lying on his own. "Maybe it was crazy to start something like this now. I have only one excuse. Sometime, somehow, I want to marry you."

It was fantastic. Here they sat on a buckboard on the edge of the New Mexican desert—Lesie Cameron and Special Prosecutor Philip Ranney of New York. Three weeks ago they hadn't known each other. Three weeks ago Harley Pitt had been begging her to have Bert declared legally dead so that he might marry her. And now . . .

"Phil," she managed, feeling choked, "I wish I knew what to say. It—it would be simpler, maybe, if I were sure about—Bert—"

"Do you still love him?"

"I loved him terribly, painfully—"

"You're evading the question. Do you *still* love him?"

"I—I don't know. . . . Yes, I think I do. . . . I must."

"You love Bert as you remember him," he said with a touch of bitterness. "Not as he'd be today."

"The Bert I remember is the only one I know."

"Suppose you find him up there now, living with the Roake woman? What would you do then?"

She could only bite her lip, avoiding his gaze.

And then Philip Ranney abruptly drew her into his arms. There was something savage in the movement. She caught her breath, lifted her head, felt his lips press down on hers. He held her through an eternity, and she didn't stir. She couldn't. She closed her eyes and felt herself swaying against him, collapsing.

As abruptly as he had seized her he released her. Grim, he snatched up the reins. "I'll be damned if I let you go back to him," he said. "I love you! . . . Come on," he flung hoarsely at the mare. "Giddap!"

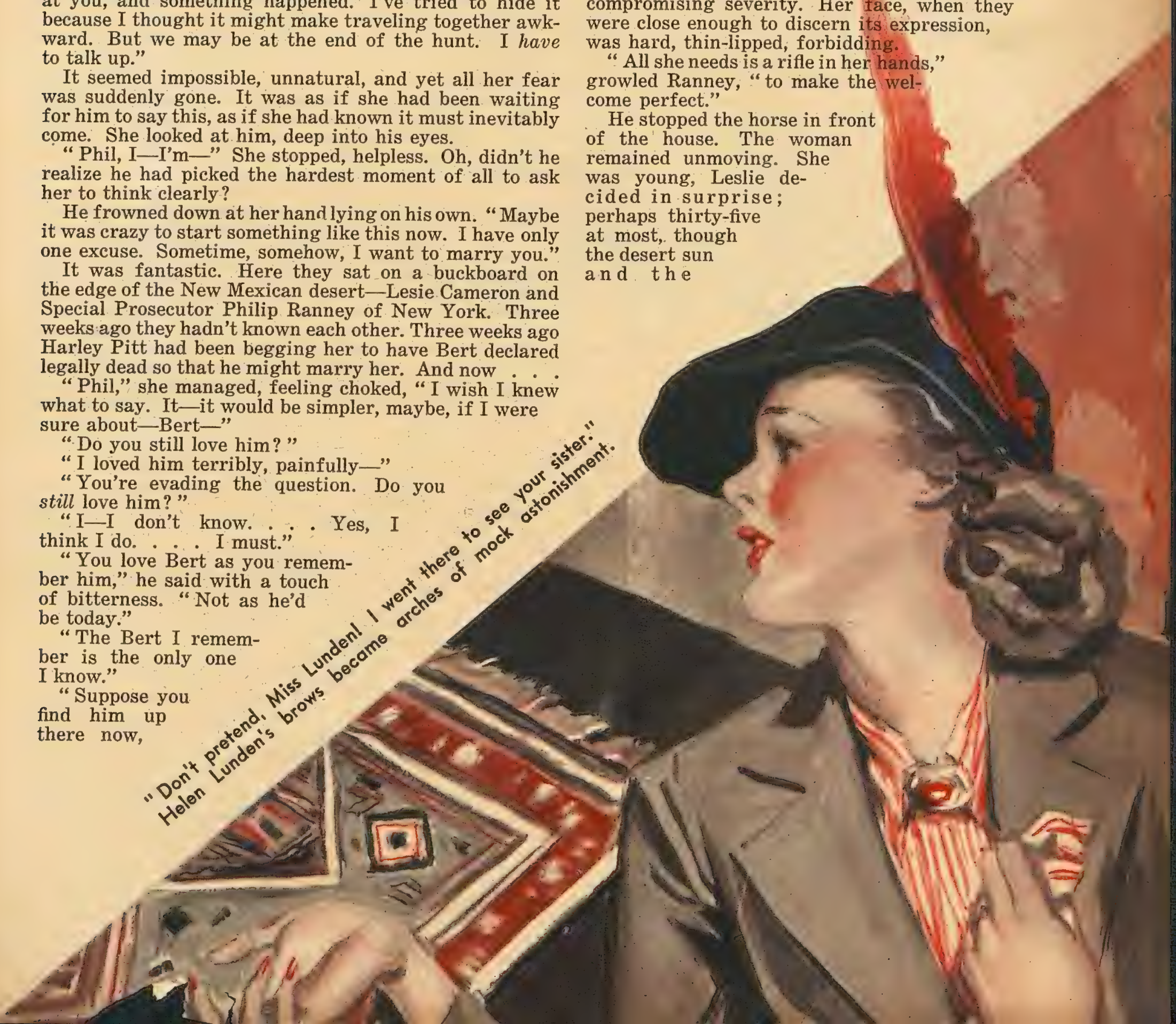
NEITHER of them talked after that. Leslie knew she couldn't trust her voice. She was quivering. They rolled over the shoulder of a ridge, to see a mountain valley stretched far before them. It contained scattered patches of grass where a few sheep grazed. A quarter of a mile away a small red-roofed adobe house and its barn stood under clusters of cottonwoods. Smoke rose lazily from a chimney. They could see a child playing with a dog. When he spied the buckboard he watched it for a while in amazement, then dashed incontinently into the house.

"That," Ranney said, "must be the Roake place."

As they rumbled on, a tall woman in a homespun gray dress stepped out of the house. The boy was not with her now, but the small brown dog scampered about her feet. She stood motionless, shaded by cottonwoods, and watched the wagon approach. Her hair was black, combed back from her forehead with uncompromising severity. Her face, when they were close enough to discern its expression, was hard, thin-lipped, forbidding.

"All she needs is a rifle in her hands," growled Ranney, "to make the welcome perfect."

He stopped the horse in front of the house. The woman remained unmoving. She was young, Leslie decided in surprise; perhaps thirty-five at most, though the desert sun and the



"Don't pretend, Miss Lunden! I went there to see your sister." Helen Lunden's brows became arches of mock astonishment.

loneliness had conspired to draw harsh lines in her face.

“How do?” Ranney drew off his hat and smiled. “This is the Roake place, isn't it?”

The woman nodded.

“Are you Mrs. Roake?”

“That's right.”

He hesitated, then decided on candor. “My name's Ranney—Philip Ranney. This is Mrs. Leslie Cameron.”

If the names held any significance at all for her, the woman succeeded admirably in concealing the fact.

“Well?” she asked.

Ranney said, “Of course you remember hearing of Mrs. Cameron? Mrs. Herbert Cameron, of New York?”

“I don't know anybody in New York.”

“Except of course,” Ranney quietly persisted, “your sister, Arlene. We saw her the other day in Miami.”

“Have you never seen people play cards before?”

“You're making a mistake. I have no sister.”

Ranney, arching his brows, repeated incredulously, “Arlene? Arlene Bray?”

“Never heard of her.”

The boy, a youngster of eight or nine, timidly thrust his head out the door. The woman at once waved him inside, turned to her visitors, and said with terse finality, “Sorry. Guess you've come to the wrong place.”

Though dismayed, neither Leslie nor Philip Ranney was willing to accept dismissal so simply. Leslie gave way to an exhortation she could not suppress.

“Mrs. Roake, we've come all the way from Florida to see you! We know Arlene has been sending you money. We know she had a sister named Margaret. We believe you're that sister. If you'd only let us come in and talk—”

“I'm telling you I never heard of any Arlene!”

“Perhaps your husband has,” suggested Ranney.

“If he has, he never mentioned the name to me.”

“Couldn't we see him?”

The woman stood unanswering for several seconds. Then she shrugged. “No reason why you can't.” She walked to a corner of the house and called loudly, “Tom! Oh, Tom! Some folks to see you!”

Leslie's whole body pounded as she sprang down from the wagon. She felt wet with perspiration. Philip too descended, his face hard. He walked around the horse and came to stand beside her.

They saw a lean man step out of the barn. He wore dungarees and a dilapidated hat on the back of his head. Watching him approach, Leslie caught her breath. Her eyes widened. She fell back a step, staring.

“Tom,” said Margaret Roake, “these folks want to know if you ever heard o' somebody named Bray—Arlene Bray.”

The man said in a soft, pleasant drawl, “How do?” He smiled at Leslie and nodded at Philip Ranney. “Bray? Why, no. Never heard tell of her.”

Leslie, dazed, hardly knew what he answered. Something had crashed inside her. This man's words didn't matter. Nothing mattered. Nothing at all! Except that Tom Roake was *not* Bert Cameron.

THEIR brief stay at the Roake ranch was, for Leslie, a hiatus in life. She was stunned. She left the conversation, the futile questions, the hollow amenities entirely to Philip Ranney.

Her own spirits had utterly collapsed. Before seeing Tom Roake she had known a feeling of suspense that had tightened her nerves to the snapping point. And now they *had* snapped. . . . She was grateful when at last Ranney helped her to the seat of the buckboard and they started back, in deepening twilight, toward Little Alamo.

Driving, he looked at her a long time in silence; looked at her white defeated face, her eyes that had become drained of luster.

“Don't let it get you,” he advised. “It might have been worse, you know, if he had turned out to be Bert.”

“At least I'd have known!”

“You'd have known,” Ranney said, “that he was living out here with another woman. Would that have made you feel easier?”

“I—don't know.”

Frowning at the ears of the mare, he drove on without comment. The wagon heaved under them. Swaying on the buckboard, with the desert stretching below them in all the amazing colors of sunset, they were in an isolation complete and awesome. Yet Philip Ranney took no advantage of it now; made no other attempt to kiss her, to take her again in his arms.

He must have realized how badly she needed time to recover composure. As soon as they returned to the Hancock Hotel he urged her to go to her room.

SHE did. She threw herself face down on the bed with a sense of complete futility. She couldn't escape the terrible confusion, the wretchedness, that assailed her mind. Her hopes and her plans and her emotions were all jumbled and incoherent.

It wasn't only the disappointment—or *was* it really a disappointment?—she had encountered at the Roake ranch. What agonized her almost as deeply was the conviction that by remaining loyal to Bert she was making something useless and meaningless of her life. Philip Ranney's kiss had sharpened the poignancy of the feeling.

And she knew she wasn't being fair to him. Or to Harley. Or to herself. It was unlike her to be like this, indecisive and unsure. She told herself bitterly, I've got to take myself in hand. I'll have to take a stand about Bert, one way or another. Phil is entitled to an answer. . . . Harley is entitled to an answer. . . . *I'm* entitled to an answer!

She was snatched out of the harrowing mood by quick taps at the door—furtive taps. She had a wild conviction that this was Philip, and she couldn't see Philip now. Not with tears in her eyes.

The knocks came again.

“Who is it?” Her voice sounded strained.

“Excuse, Mrs. Cameron. Forgot put blankets on bed.”

The Mexican woman, Mrs. Hancock. . . . Leslie sighed audibly in relief. She called a weary “Come in.”

The black-haired Anita Hancock entered smiling. She carried two Indian blankets which she placed on the foot of the bed.

“Sorry,” she apologized. Backing toward the door, she inquired, “You find desert beautiful?”

“Glorious,” Leslie murmured without feeling.

“I hope you see Tom Roake? He there, yes?”

“Yes. He was doing some work in the barn.”

Anita Hancock was halfway across the threshold when Leslie said that. Now she halted, her hand on the doorknob. She stared in astonishment.

“Work? *Tom Roake?*”

“Ye-es. Why?”

"But Tom Roake got broken leg last week. Fall from horse. He is laid up."

Leslie straightened on the bed with a jerk.

"Broken leg?" she gasped.

"Sure. Didn't my husband tell?"

"No!" Leslie sprang to her feet, rigid. "Is—is there any *other* man on the Roake ranch besides Tom?"

"Sure. Jed Johnson. Looks after sheep. And Lucio Fernandez. Lucio is handy man—just a boy."

"What's Johnson like?"

Anita shrugged. "Skinny; middle-sized."

Leslie Cameron's eyes shone with a touch of panic. "Wait," she pleaded. "Wait here, Mrs. Hancock!"

She ran out wildly. She went down the corridor to bang a hand against the door of Philip Ranney's room. "Phil!"

He yanked the door open immediately, and stared at her. His face was tired and lined. "What's up?"

"It wasn't Tom Roake we saw! It was their hired man! Mrs. Hancock just told me!" She rushed on, with frantic whispered tension, to repeat what she had learned. Philip Ranney caught her arms and his voice thickened.

"We'll go there *again*," he rapped out. "And this time we'll take Pop Hancock along! They won't be able to palm off a substitute if Hancock is with us! We'll go right after supper."

Leslie protested. She wanted to go at once. But despite his impatience, Ranney insisted on their waiting for the meal because he felt that food would do Leslie's nerves some good. The delay proved to be a mistake.

It was scarcely nine o'clock when the buckboard, holding the three of them, reached the adobe house on the hill. A thin Mexican boy came out of the barn in the moonlight to peer at them curiously. The huge Pop Hancock called to him in Spanish; and it was in Spanish that the boy replied—a long, garrulous answer accompanied by exaggerated gestures.

Pop Hancock looked stunned.

"What does he say?" demanded Ranney.

Hancock, brushing a hand back over his bald head, exclaimed: "Doggone if I can make this out! Lucio says the Roakes and their kid piled into their car two hours ago. Heaped the thing full o' clothes. And with Jed Johnson drivin', they all lit out, headin' for Mexico. Tom Roake with his bad leg an' all. They told Lucio they didn't know when they'd come back."

THE news left them demoralized. Leslie suffered pangs of dismay that verged on sheer anguish. Philip Ranney seemed driven to downright fury.

They ran into the house. They searched the place. Ranney hoped to find something, anything—a picture of Tom Roake, possibly, or letters—which would identify the man as Herbert Cameron. But they could uncover nothing more significant than an astonishing collection of books, hun-

For a quick come-back
—take Sal Hepatica!

WIFE: Just my luck! We plan our costumes for the Masque Ball for months and on the big day I wake up feeling logy, headachy. Even if I take a laxative, this old sickish feeling will hang on and on.

HUSBAND: Not if you take Sal Hepatica!

WIFE: Why? Is Sal Hepatica any different?

HUSBAND: I should say it is! Millions have found that it not only is a quick yet gentle laxative, but it also counteracts gastric acidity—*chases that sickish feeling fast.* Just you wait and see!

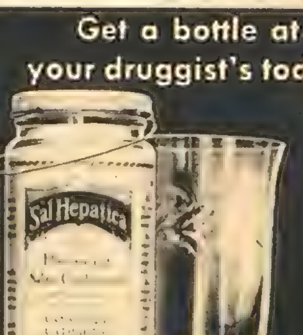
THAT EVENING

HUSBAND: You're the cutest trick here, honey. Bet you get the prize for Loveliest Lady!

WIFE: All the praise goes to you, darling, and your sparkling Sal Hepatica. It's certainly the secret of a fast come-back.

Get the double help of
SAL HEPATICA
a sparkling mineral salt laxative that counteracts gastric acidity, too.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today



TUNE IN every Wednesday night at 9 EDST, for the "TOWN HALL VARIETIES"

Why wake like this?

Feel like this!

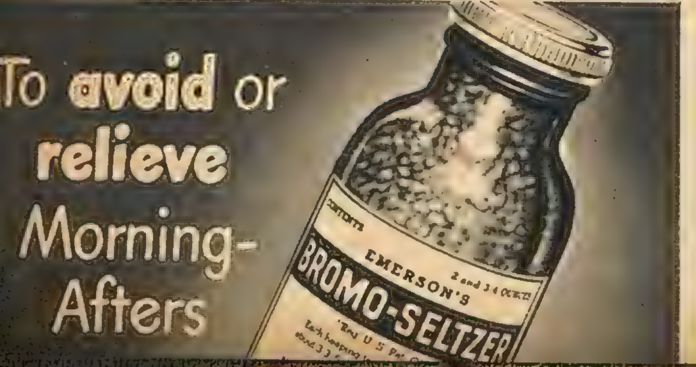
BEFORE and AFTER way...

● Help *prevent* morning-after "head" this way . . . *before* bedtime, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, it settles your stomach, calms nerves and ALKALIZES!

After waking, another Bromo-Seltzer checks effects of fatigue, refreshes you. At drugstores, soda fountains. Be sure to keep it at home!

BROMO-SELTZER

To avoid or relieve Morning-Afters



dreds of them, all clearly the choice of a man with exacting literary tastes.

"That—that used to be Bert's pride even in New York," Leslie whispered huskily. "His library . . ."

"The mail used to bring Tom Roake a book or two pretty near every week," muttered Pop Hancock.

Back at the hotel in Little Alamo an hour later, Leslie went shakily to her room. Philip came in abruptly to tell her he had telephoned not only the police at Alamogordo but also David Harwood, his chief assistant in New York. Harwood would at once enlist the official support of the New York police, who in turn would communicate with all the Southwestern States. "And before morning," he finished, "the authorities down here will be watching every road for Thomas Roake and his car."

HE looked tired, she realized. And older. The yellow lamplight revealed new lines in his powerful face.

"Les," he muttered, "let's get away from here. Let's get back to Alamogordo." He paused to look at her searchingly. "Chances are they'll locate Roake. A man with a broken leg is easy enough to identify. When they call us, we'll be on a railroad."

Leslie nodded, her face white. "Roake must be Bert," she whispered. "If he isn't, why did he run away?"

"With any kind of luck, we'll know soon enough." He became bitter. "We'll know, to, who wired Margaret Roake that we were coming."

"*Wired* her?" Leslie stared. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, it was pretty clear she was expecting us," he snapped. "She wasn't a bit surprised when we told her our names. And she had Johnson, the hired man, coached to pose as her husband. I've just been talking to the Hancocks. Mrs. Hancock said that this afternoon the man who brings the mail had a telegram for the Roakes."

"But who on earth could have sent—"

"No use guessing. The police will dig into it. It came from the same one, I'd say, who tried to make us miss the plane at Miami." He regarded her pale face a moment, then let an unexpected smile crawl across his features. "Well, we're piling up plenty of material for our memoirs, aren't we, Les?"

Then he took both her hands, kissed one of them, and left.

And in the morning they rode out of Little Alamo in a decrepit car that chugged them back across seventy miles of dreary, sun-tortured desert to Alamogordo.

That stay at Alamogordo proved a constant trial. They spent two unnerving days awaiting news that never came. Ranney telephoned the local police and New York repeatedly, and on every occasion slammed up the receiver with increased exasperation. True, the police of New Mexico and neighboring states were doing their utmost. They had broadcast descriptions of the Roakes; they had broadcast the license number of the Roake car. Yet Thomas Roake, it began to appear, had vanished as effectively as had Herbert Cameron seven years ago. . . .

On the third day Leslie said with sudden inspiration, "Phil, there's one possibility we haven't tried. Isn't there a chance that Margaret Roake may try to communicate with her sister in Miami?"

Ranney said dryly, "Harwood in New York had that idea, too. He's sent a man to watch Arlene and her mail."

She considered an instant, frowning at the floor. "You know, Phil, I—I think I ought to go back to Miami!"

"For another tussle with Arlene? It won't do any good. She's harder than concrete."

"I'm not so sure of that." Eagerness leaped into her voice. "Things are different now. I can tell her I've just come from seeing Margaret. I needn't tell her what happened at Little Alamo. Perhaps if I just assure her that I've actually *talked* to Margaret Roake. . . . I have a queer idea, Phil, that it may scare the girl out of her wits! It may make her tell *something*."

He stood silent, studying her. "Maybe you're right," he said at last. "We're not accomplishing anything here, that's certain. And I ought to get back to New York. If I don't, they'll think another Prosecuting Attorney ran out on them. . . . Frankly, though, I'm afraid you'll get nowhere with the Bray woman."

"Let me try!"

"Well—all right. But you know," he said with a queer smile, "I've grown so used to you, Les, that it doesn't seem right, parting. Something immoral about it; something like desertion."

She reached for his hand.

"Philip, let's be serious. I—I can't tell you how much I appreciate everything you've done."

"Nonsense. My motives were purely selfish."

"I can't believe that."

He grinned. "Well, I hoped you wouldn't. I'm doing it because I happen to be in love with you. I'd do anything that would straighten out your life."

She said softly, "These days—they've been something I'll never forget."

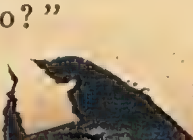
"Don't talk as if they're finished," he reproved, with a grin. "Think of them as a beginning."

SEATED on her bed, Helen Lunden lit a cigarette, crossed long legs, and peered at her visitor through a curtain of smoke.

"Well," she said, "so you're back."

Leslie Cameron, in the only comfortable chair the Miami boardinghouse afforded, decided to plunge. She said, "I've just returned from Little Alamo."

There was no perceptible change in Helen Lunden's expression. "How interesting," she answered. "And what's Little Alamo?"



"Please don't pretend, Miss Lunden! I went there to see your sister."

Helen Lunden's brows became twin arches of mock astonishment. "My sister! Well, now! That puts you one up on me, doesn't it? I haven't seen my sister in fifteen years." Her face hardened. "Will you please tell me," she demanded, "why you're trying to drag my *sister* into this?"

"We hoped—Mr. Ranney and I—that she'd tell us things we couldn't get from you. I came back here to put my cards on the table. She's living with Bert, isn't she?"

Helen Lunden revealed no surprise. She peered searchingly at her visitor, then leaned forward to crush the cigarette in a saucer on the table.

"Now, that," she declared, "is one of the craziest ideas that's come out of this whole mess. Whatever gave you a notion like that?"

"Your sister refused to let me see her husband. They ran away from Little Alamo so that we wouldn't meet Tom Roake! Why? Why—if he isn't Bert?"

Helen Lunden merely shrugged.

"Don't you understand," Leslie pleaded, "that by—by being frank you can do Margaret a service? Philip Ranney has gone back to New York to get government help in a nation-wide search for the Roakes! Once that starts, they're bound to be caught. They can't go on hiding forever. And then whatever they're trying to conceal is certain to be dragged out. Don't you see that?"

"Well?" icily.

"If you'd only tell me about the Roakes—about *Tom* Roake! If you'd tell me where I can find him, we need never let this thing get beyond ourselves! If I see Bert, and he tells me he wants to stay with your sister—do you think I'd ever make the thing public? Why, I—I could have him declared legally dead!"

Helen Lunden rose. She pushed her flowered dress down from her hips and stood thinking. Something happened to her in those few seconds. She hardened. She regarded Leslie closely; and while she hesitated, bitterness returned to her lips.

"What's the use?" she said at last, surprisingly. "I've been lying, and you know it." Leslie stared. Before she could speak, Helen Lunden drove on, "You've got to call off that Ranney search."

"Why?"

"Mrs. Cameron, I'm going to tell you something I've never told anybody else. . . . All you're interested in is locating your husband. Isn't that true?"

"Naturally."

"You—you wouldn't care about sending another man to jail for something that has no relation to you?"

Bewildered, Leslie began, "I don't know what you mean—"

"I had a telegram from Margaret yesterday. I know you drove them out of Little Alamo. She told me. But you've got to let them alone! They have nothing to do with you or your troubles."

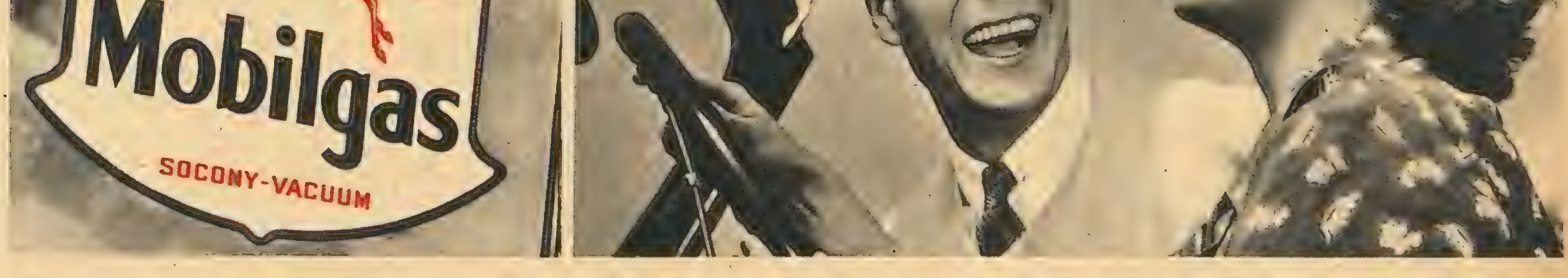
"You—you'll have to make that clearer."

"All right. I'm counting on your decency." Helen Lunden sat down, determined. "Eight years ago my sister's husband got into a mess in Chicago," she said. "Tom Roake—which, I don't mind telling you, isn't his real name—was driving a getaway car for a tough crowd. It was the first time in his life he'd gone crooked. By morning that whole gang was being hunted by the Chicago police. Tom had to clear out of town. He took his wife and son with him. They had a bit of money and they went down into the desert."

Helen Lunden spoke with passion, yet her voice remained low, and her eyes actually blazed into Leslie's.

"They'd been out of Chicago almost a year when your husband's case broke in New York. I found myself involved in that. The police began questioning me about my sister. I couldn't tell them where to find her. I didn't *want* her found. If they had picked her up, they'd have got Tom too, and Tom would have gone to jail. He was still wanted. So I made up that story about not having seen her for years."

STEPPING ALONG
WITH THE LEADER



REMEMBER when driving a car was an *event?* It still can be! *Just try a tankful of Mobilgas* ...enjoy a stepped-up motor, flashing power. Enjoy seeing your gas gauge drop slowly! Get Mobilgas—*enjoy stepping along with the leader!* Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.

"And yet you're not afraid to tell me this now?" slowly whispered Leslie.

"I'm giving it to you," cried Helen Lunden, "with the hope that you'll see how things are—that you'll call off Ranney's hunt! Tom Roake never did *you* any harm."

Leslie Cameron said softly, "If he has no connection with me, why was Margaret afraid to let me see him?"

"Tom's picture was published all over the country when he was being hunted. Maybe Margaret was afraid to have Ranney, an official, see her husband. I don't know *what* was in her mind. But I don't blame her for trying to keep Tom out of sight. Their happiness—their very lives—depend on keeping him hidden! And I'm willing to help them!"

"I suppose you realize," Leslie murmured, "that by telling me this you're asking me to help hide a criminal."

"Oh, don't talk like a judge! Tom's no criminal. He made one slip eight years ago. What satisfaction can you possibly get from persecuting him?"

Leslie asked, "Where are they now?"

"I don't know. Even if I knew, I wouldn't tell you. Isn't it enough that you've driven them out of Little Alamo?" Helen Lunden's voice became harsh. "They'll never come back. They'll be afraid that the place will be watched." She started toward the window, but whirled around, her face white with anger. "Don't you ever stop to realize what you're doing to people? You suddenly get the inspiration to make a search for your husband, and you barge right ahead, not caring what you do to others! If you drag me back into that mess of seven years ago, that doesn't matter. If you disrupt my sister's life, that isn't important, either. Nothing—*nothing's* important! Nothing except yourself! Why can't you let us have our peace?"

IN the cab that took her back to her own hotel, Leslie Cameron stared dazedly out at the waters of Biscayne Bay. Her eyes were distressed. Her thoughts were confused.

Whether Helen Lunden had told the truth about Thomas Roake, she couldn't decide. Certainly the girl's fervor, the imploring quality of her voice, the prayer in her eyes—these had seemed genuine. And yet, if the story were true, why should she confide it to some one she regarded as an enemy?

Leslie sank back in the seat. She closed her eyes and surrendered to overwhelming weariness. She felt beaten and helpless. If Helen Lunden could be believed, she was no nearer Bert than she had been three weeks ago. The whole search became a mockery. She wished, of a sudden, that she could talk to Philip Ranney and hear his reassuring voice. But there was nobody to talk to; even Puss, she had discovered in consternation, had returned to New York a day ago.

By the time she reached the hotel Leslie had formed no plan for her next move. It was in a mood that verged on desperation that she entered the lobby. She went to the desk for her key, and had just started away when a familiar voice behind her said: "Hello, Les."

With a gasp, she turned to face Harley Pitt. . . .

"Don't jump." In impeccable white, with a Panama hat in his hand, Harley smiled as if he were thoroughly enjoying her astonishment. His dark eyes shone with amusement.

"What—what on earth!" she ejaculated. "Harley!"

"Here to see you." He was in a genial mood. His handsome lean face with its trim little mustache bore a teasing smile.

"When did you get here?" Amazement throbbed in her voice.

"At two o'clock," he said. "I tried your room a dozen times."

She thought, in that access of excitement, he doesn't know I've been to New Mexico and back since I last spoke to him. And suddenly, for a reason she couldn't have explained, she laughed. It was a shrill little laugh, touched by a note of hysteria. Seeing Harley Pitt somehow reminded her of the repose she had known in New York. There had been no dartings across the country then, no moments of high hope followed by nadirs of despair. Harley Pitt, as always, represented serenity. It was good to see him. It was reassuring. His presence was more effective than a sedative.

He nodded toward the mezzanine. "Suppose we begin with a cocktail."

Impulsively she slipped her arm under his. "Harley, it's so good to see you! And I have so much to tell you!"

He laughed, "I'm here to listen. Where's Ranney?"

"He's back in New York."

"Oh? I didn't know—"

"You've come at such a blessed time! I was beginning to feel absolutely lost."

"Men do funny things when they're in love," he laughed. "The other day it came over me, with a shock, that I hadn't seen you in ages. I had no idea how long you intended to remain in Miami. My calendar made it possible for me to get away. So I jumped on a train."

When they were at a corner table and the waiter had gone off with their order, he said more seriously, "How much longer is this to go on, Les?"

"The search?"

"Yes. Once you've done everything possible and failed," he pointed out, "there's just one thing left, I should think."

"Have Bert declared dead—"

"You'll have to come back to that. It's inevitable."

She picked up a napkin, let her fingers toy with it. Everything Philip Ranney had told her about Harley Pitt returned then—his horror of being touched by scandal; the fact that he was indirectly in the pay of Frederick Novack, the same Frederick Novack whom Bert had been so eager, seven years ago, to bring before a jury. And despite all this, when she looked across the table at his earnest countenance, she could not help liking Harley. He was too old a friend to be doubted.

While they drank she told him the details of her trip to New Mexico, and the story amazed him. Watching his shocked and disapproving expression, Leslie couldn't help wondering again, with a pang of misgiving, whether he had made this trip principally to dissuade her from the search.

And this, she reluctantly had to concede later, had really been his primary motive. For over cocktails Harley spent a great deal of time in pointing out the futility and the danger of continuing the hunt.

"It's all right for a man like Ranney," he argued. "It's part of his job. If he can locate Bert's records, it means a great deal to him—a victory over a dozen fellows like Frederick Novack. It probably means Ranney's political future, too. But for you, Leslie, it's bound to cause heartache, regardless of what happens."

SHE no longer attempted to argue with him. Possibly he was right. And she nodded absently when he said with sudden spirit. "Oh, come, let's drop it for a day! Have dinner with me tonight. And tomorrow let's have an old-fashioned normal time without problems. We could run out to the Hialeah races. I'd like a day of—of *laughter* with you, Leslie. I think you need it!"

In her room ten minutes later she changed clothes with speculative eyes fixed on her reflection in a mirror. Am I, she wondered, making a horrible confusion of life? What if Arlene told the truth and Bert *is* dead? What if I'm letting his ghost play havoc with us all—not only with Harley and Philip and myself, but with outsiders like Arlene Bray and the Roakes? I'm ripping open wounds that had already begun to heal. I'm letting them bleed again. . . .

The telephone rang.

The shrill sound startled her. Harley, she supposed, with some word he'd forgotten. She picked up the telephone and said, "Hello?"

"Mrs. Cameron?" The deep voice that flowed through the wires was unfamiliar. "I wonder if you remember me. This is Frederick Novack."

What does Novack want? Is Harley Pitt, either accidentally or purposely, playing into his hands in trying to persuade Leslie to call off the search? In the next issue, suspense reaches a high peak as the dark forces surrounding Bert Cameron's disappearance take swift and drastic action.

WHY I AM *Still Investigating* THE LINDBERGH CASE

BY EVALYN WALSH McLEAN

with Alan Hynd

READING TIME ● 29 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

On Friday, April 15, Means reported that he had been unable to borrow $35,000; somebody else must raise it. After deliberating, Mrs. McLean arranged to do so by pawning three bracelets. Means said that on Monday night he would bring her $100,000 to Father Hurney's church, also the $49,000 of "marked" Jafsie money, for which Father Hurney must be ready to exchange the $35,000.

Monday morning, when Miss Bessie Poe was to take the bracelets to the pawnbroker, Father Hurney phoned briefly: Bad news; deal off. Alarmed, Mrs. McLean called Miss Poe's home—to be told that Miss Poe had left fifteen minutes before "with a priest."

A priest? Not Father Hurney! What could this mean? Over the phone Means protested he knew nothing about it. Then Father Hurney came and told Mrs. McLean that one of her lawyers had found out what was going on, and was threatening to inform the Department of Justice unless the pawning of the bracelets was called off. No; Father Hurney hadn't been in communication with Miss Poe. . . .

At that dizzying juncture, Miss Poe herself walked in with a story of having been called for by a man dressed as a priest and purporting to have been sent by Father Hurney to accompany her to the pawnbroker's; on discovering that this "priest" carried a pistol, she had escaped from their taxi. It was a fairly plausible story, but Mrs. McLean divined the truth: Her lawyers, having learned of her dealings with Means, had not only threatened but intervened to save her from being defrauded further—and had diplomatically put Miss Poe up to telling her the fake-priest tale.

Father Hurney sent Means word that Mrs. McLean had been temporarily hindered from raising the $35,000. Means sent back word that he quite understood, and would probably reach the church that night with her $100,000. The next morning he phoned her that he had been delayed. A day later he professed to be astonished that the $100,000 had not been received at the church the night before.

Now at last Mrs. McLean knew beyond doubt that she had been hoaxed. Her lawyers went to J. Edgar Hoover; and on May 5 Means was arrested by F. B. I. Agent John Keith.

The resulting front-page headlines brought upon her a fresh avalanche of kidnap threats. One day, while her daughter Evalyn was visiting a chum in another part of the city, it was discovered that a car with four dangerous-looking men in it had been parked in front of the McLean home for half an hour. Phoning, the mother learned that Evalyn was on the way home; would arrive any minute.

No use calling the police. They couldn't get there in time.

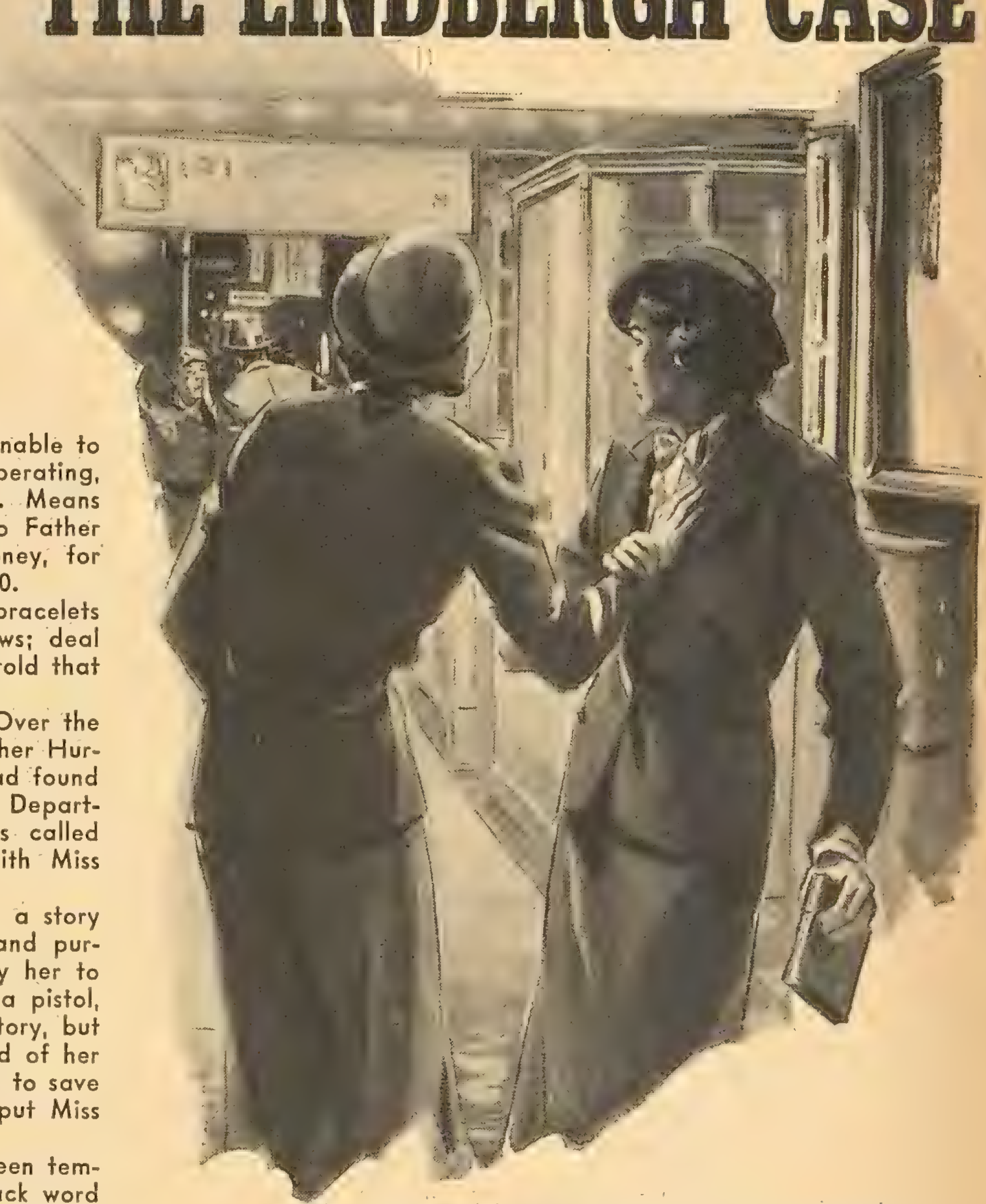
What to do? Mrs. McLean stood frozen in a panic.

A remarkable quest leads to new trails of doubt—and a gangster's amazing story

PART EIGHT—"I WAS THE MAN WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF"

AFTER a few horrible moments, I acted involuntarily and heard myself calling for Garfoni, our trusted butler. When Garfoni appeared, I told him to immediately round up the other male servants in the house, and to tell them to get their guns. After the threatening letters had begun to flow in again, I had applied for and obtained permission to arm every male servant.

Within a minute or so Garfoni and three other men in our employ stood at my side, holding pistols. Quickly I explained the situation to them, told them the plan of action I decided upon, and then, up the street, I caught a glimpse of the car in which little Evalyn was riding.



The newsboys were crying the headlines that the Lindbergh baby had been found—dead.

The four men remained right inside the open door, and I walked out. I looked at those forbidding characters in the car that had been parked in front of the house for so long, and what did I see but those four strangers regarding my employees and me with openmouthed surprise?

The chauffeur and the guard riding with Evalyn got the situation in a glance, they were to tell me later, as they drew up. The car with Evalyn thereupon swung quickly into the small semicircular driveway that led to the front door, and as I stood out there in front of the house, staring straight at the men in the car, and as our armed employees stood at the door, holding their guns, Evalyn was rushed from the car and into the house by the chauffeur and the guard.

Those blackguards in the car out at the curb—and there was no doubt in my mind that they were blackguards—simply watched the whole proceeding without doing anything about it. Quite obviously, they had been taken completely unaware by the appearance of the men carrying the guns and had hastily discarded whatever plans they had had in mind when it became apparent to them that they would meet with strong opposition. That was when I learned, through firsthand experience, that the underworld does not like opposition and only tackles a job when the strength is very one-sided—on their side.

I was so upset when I got back into the house that for a little while I forgot all about the car out front. My little girl was back, inside and safe from harm, and that was all that mattered. When it occurred to me that I should try to get the license number of the mysterious car, and I looked out of the window again, it had vanished. The sinister quartet had gone, but they had left something behind—terror in my heart.

I had the strong feeling that none other than Gaston Bullock Means was behind at least part of this program of intimidation against me. It was his last desperate bid for freedom. But if the Genius of Evil thought he was going to frighten me off after what he had done to me, he was gravely mistaken. I was going to lend every assistance to his prosecution, if it was my last act on earth.

As for publicity, I was getting plenty of it. And not the kind that any woman likes, either. Over the teacups in Washington I was branded with the brand that has stuck to me until this day: I was a foolish, meddlesome woman with more money than I knew what to do with, and out for the lion's share of publicity and glory. Had that really been true—had my personal vanity entered into this business at any stage of the game—certainly I would have pulled out now. It was nice to know through it all that my real friends never wavered in their loyalty.

After all, sending Means to prison wasn't going to get my hundred and four thousand dollars back. And to send him to prison meant continuance of unpleasant publicity. For I would have to tell the world now of my failure in the Lindbergh case.

But I had a duty to perform now—a new duty that had arisen. It was up to me to see that justice was done, and that Gaston Means was put away somewhere where that cunning, scheming brain of his would be powerless to hoax any one else.

United States Attorney Leo Rover—a fine, understanding lawyer—informed me that he knew of one particular instance where Means had perpetrated a hoax on a well known New York society woman, a hoax that had paid the scoundrel handsomely; but that, when it came to following through and co-operating with the prosecuting authorities, the woman who had been hoaxed decided to forget all about the matter, simply because it would have brought her unpleasant publicity.

I felt that Means was behind some of these threats to my family and myself, for he had plenty of reason to want me out of the picture. I was the one person alive who might be able to send him to prison, and if he could somehow get rid of me there would be no trial. But if Means thought he was going to scare me, he had another guess coming.

ONE afternoon in May, 1932, my maid Inga and I went downtown to the movies. When we came out, early that evening, the newsboys were crying the headlines that the Lindbergh baby had been found—dead.

Strangely enough, I experienced an odd sort of happiness for a woman I did not as yet know, Anne Lindbergh. Tragic as her plight was, at least she would now find a certain peace in the years to come. At least she knew what had become of her baby. She would not know the horror of going through life peering into the faces of young people and wondering, Could that be my child?

At least, that is the way I felt then. I did not know at that time, or for a long time afterward, that the skeleton that was found in the woods within five miles of the Lindbergh home might well not have been the Lindbergh baby's at all.

Next came the trial of Gaston Means. The mysterious man known as Nineteen, or the Fox, was still among the missing and unidentified.

Let me tell you that the Means trial was a terrible ordeal for me. Facing that crowded courtroom with its sea of curious faces was almost more than I could bear. When I took the stand to tell my story, Means leered up at me, then smiled until his dimples showed, and seemed to be enjoying my discomfort hugely. I told my story as truthfully and as accurately as possible. I had kept no notes of my dealings with Means, for I had had reason not to. This was something that I had hoped would never be mentioned so long as I lived.

During a recess this remark was made about me: "She certainly couldn't be as sick as she looks—and still be on her feet." In other words, I was accused of faking to win sympathy from the jurors. As if I could possibly have done anything to look worse than I did!

One time during the testimony I thought I was going to faint right in the witness box. Had I done so, I would have been accused of dramatics to attract more attention.

Just as I felt myself going, I stopped for an instant and began to pray. Then I turned my head and looked out of a window. It was spring, and the trees were lovely and green. Those trees seemed to take me out of that courtroom and far away from the face of Means and the faces of the spectators; I was reminded by them of all that was clean and decent and honest in the world. Seemingly by a miracle, I was given new strength, and once more I went on with my story as truthfully as I knew how. And those jurors believed it; for they found Gaston Bullock Means guilty and he was sent away to prison for many years.

MEANS had apparently been laying his plans well in advance, even while he was perpetrating the hoax on me. You will remember about a paper he had me sign while we were in Aiken—something that I signed without fully understanding what it was. Well, I learned, between the time of Means' arrest and his trial, that that paper was my authorization to him to turn the hundred thousand dollars over to the Fox. Apparently he had thought that would be an "out" for him if I ever went after him for an accounting. Perhaps it would have been, too, had he not told so many outlandish and conflicting stories about the money before he was through—stories that no one would believe.

Just for a change, I went out to the Olympic Games in Los Angeles in the summer of 1932, and discovered there that I had, because of the Means business, become a personality in the Lindbergh case. Wilson Mizner, the twentieth-century playboy and Broadway character who "knew all the answers," visited me one day. Wilson had been desperately ill; in fact, hope for him had been given up; and when I saw him I said:

"Wilson, I heard you were dead."

"Oh," he said in typical Mizner wisecrack fashion, "I was. But when I got up to the pearly gates, I saw my first wife and decided to come back."

Then he grew serious. He had many friends in the underworld, and he had heard many a strange thing about the Lindbergh case. "That thing's such a headache to such a lot of people," said Mizner, "that one of these days they're going to get hold of some poor dope and hang it on him, just to wipe it off the books. Then the dope can take a seat in the frying pan and everybody else can go out to the races."

I was later to have good and sufficient reason to recall those wise words of Wilson Mizner.

During the months following the Means hoax I continued to look in vain at pictures supplied by the F. B. I. in the hope of identifying the Fox. Then one morning Special Agent John Keith came over with a handful. When I started to look through them I had no reason to suppose that this morning would be different from any of the other "picture" mornings. But the third picture I looked at I recognized immediately. It was the Fox, all right. There was absolutely no doubt about it. Mr. Keith told me that he was one Norman Whittaker, a brilliant former lawyer and a chess expert of international renown, who had strayed from the straight and narrow path, and found himself in trouble with the law. Mr. Keith said that, whether or not Means had actually been in contact with the kidnapers of the Lindbergh baby, this man Whittaker certainly was not the type to have been involved in any such thing as the Lindbergh crime.

The extent of Whittaker's participation in crime involving me consisted solely, it later developed, of attempting to deceive me into the belief that he was a member of the gang that had abducted the Lindbergh child, and of thereby conspiring to defraud me of the thirty-five thousand dollars that I was to have put up for the Jafsie money. You see, the attempt to get that thirty-five thousand dollars fraudulently was a crime, despite the fact that my lawyers blocked the deal.

Meanwhile, Whittaker was identified as the Fox. But where was he? "Don't worry," said Agent Keith. "We'll find him sooner or later. Nobody ever eludes Hoover for very long."

Some months after the identification, Mr. Keith asked me if I could be in New York the following day, with Inga, who had seen the Fox in El Paso. He didn't say what we were wanted there for, but he said that perhaps there would be an interesting development.

So we went to New York the next morning. Nothing happened during the afternoon, and for the evening we got seats for Of Thee I Sing. I was hugely enjoying this musical comedy which lampooned the Washington I knew so well, and had gone to the lobby during the first-act intermission, when some one came up behind me and whispered, "All right, Mrs. McLean; let's go."

I turned and looked into the smiling face of Mr. Keith. Inga and I were taken into his car and driven rapidly to a downtown district of New York which I had never seen before. Our destination proved to be the Federal Building.

The charwomen were at work in the ghostly corridors as Inga and I followed Mr. Keith to a big office. There a few official-looking gentlemen sat around, smoking cigars. Still the reason for our summons was not explained to us, and although I suspected what it was, I asked no questions.

Mr. Keith took Inga into another room. Presently she came out as white as could be. Then he took me in. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty men standing in a circle. "Mrs. McLean," he said, "I want you to look these men over and see if you have ever seen any of them before under any circumstances."

I BEGAN to walk around the circle, and the eighth man I came to was the Fox. I turned to Mr. Keith and said, "Yes, I recognize this man."

"You do? Who is he and where have you seen him before?"

I supplied the answers. You will notice how very fair Mr. Hoover's men are in matters of this kind. They had handled this in such a way that mistaken identity was beyond possibility.

I looked at Whittaker. He was not the dapper man I had seen in Aiken and El Paso, but was very frowzy-looking. I learned later that he had just been picked up in Brooklyn, where he had been living for some time, and whither the G-men, with the co-operation of the New York police, had traced him after no little difficulty.

Shaking my finger at the Fox, I demanded: "Why on earth did you play such a dirty low-down trick on me?"

He just hung his head sheepishly and did not answer.

"Look here," I went on. "I never

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MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

did anything to hurt you. Why did you do that to me?"

Whittaker was very quiet and gentlemanly. When Mr. Keith asked him why he didn't answer me, he merely said, "I cannot contradict a lady."

The trial of Whittaker was set for early in 1933. Means was to be brought from prison and tried with him, too, on the conspiracy charge arising out of the thirty-five-thousand-dollar deal. But meanwhile there were other tribulations in store for me.

For one thing, I was being hard hit financially. Early in 1933, you will recall, the country was hitting bottom in the depression. I had been compelled to close 2020 Massachusetts Avenue because I just couldn't afford such a big place. So I moved into an apartment house on Massachusetts Avenue, near Dupont Circle, being in the same building with Andrew Mellon and other good friends.

It was about this time that I met Colonel Lindbergh for the first time. Jerry Land brought him up one day right after lunch. I was pretty blue that day. The property that I had mortgaged to get the hundred thousand to give to Means was in danger of being lost; I didn't have the the money to meet the payments. One of my lawyers, in fact, had phoned me, just before Colonel Lindbergh arrived, to tell me that I might as well kiss the property good-by unless I could raise a good part of the hundred thousand within forty-eight hours.

When Lindbergh came in, he shook hands pleasantly, and said Jerry Land told him I was in trouble because of the money I had given Gaston Means. I said that was true, but that I had been perfectly willing to take the risk, especially after he had sent word to go ahead, and that he would be doing me a big favor if he didn't discuss the matter further.

The Colonel was in very high spirits that day. He had, it seemed, found a new and successful way to go about without being recognized. The masquerade consisted of dark glasses and a cap. He dwelt at length on that, and then, after a few little pleasantries, he and Jerry Land left.

The next day I had an idea. The Hope Diamond was to bring some one *good* luck. And that some one was I. For I decided to put the Hope Diamond and some other jewelry in pawn to raise the money to keep my property. The scheme worked, and maybe I didn't have the laugh on some of my critics, who had for years been criticizing me for having so much "useless" jewelry. That "useless" jewelry happened to be the very thing that saved for my children one of the most important pieces of property in the nation's capital. So don't talk to me about diamonds being useless.

Meanwhile I was battling in the courts with my husband. I was awarded Friendship, the McLean estate on the outskirts of the city, for the children and myself. It was there that I was living when the Whittaker-Means trial was held. It had been in what we call the long room at Friendship that I had first laid eyes on my husband, as a child.

ON the eve of the trial, the Lindberghs came to Washington and stopped at a hotel. For reasons of law, it was decided by United States Attorney Rover to have Colonel Lindbergh testify to certain aspects of the crime of the century. I begged Mr. Rover not to put the Colonel through this, but he had to do it.

When I learned that the Lindberghs were in town, I invited them out. I found Anne Lindbergh to be one of the loveliest persons I have ever had the privilege of knowing. Aside from her cultural qualities, she is one of the most spiritually beautiful women I have ever seen.

It was to be an evening of comedy and foreboding, a peculiar mixture. At dinner Colonel Lindbergh started to talk about parachute jumping. He told me that the best time to make a parachute jump was either very early in the morning or late in the evening. There was some scientific explanation to it that I didn't get.

"But, Colonel," I said, "you can't always pick your time for a thing like parachute jumping."

Lindbergh ran his hand through his hair and said, "Well, that's so, at that," and then we all had a good laugh.

At times he seemed very nervous. On two or three occasions he paced up and down the long room and remarked, "I wish I knew what they were going to ask me tomorrow"; or, "I wonder what they're going to ask me tomorrow."

While Anne Lindbergh was in another room with the children, the Colonel and I talked of grim things. He said he didn't know how I had had the nerve to go through what I had with Means, without having something handy with which to protect myself. I told him about the cyanide.

"Gee," he said, "why didn't I think of that? I took a machine gun with me almost everywhere I went, and it was pretty unhandy."

Then I told the Colonel something that I had had on my mind for some time. Not long before I moved from the Massachusetts Avenue apartment to Friendship, a strange man called me on the phone. "I would like to see you," he said. "Perhaps I can tell you where the money is that Gaston Means stole from you."

NOW, that was a subject that interested me. I had him come up to the apartment. He said he had an idea where the money might be, and wanted to know if I would give him a share of it if he led me to it. I said that I would. Then he brought up another subject. "Colonel Lindbergh," he said, "is going to testify at the second trial." I didn't know that at the time, but the statement was correct.

"And so?" I said.

"Just this," said the man. "Ask the Colonel when you see him if he knows whether an autopsy was performed on his father-in-law, Dwight Morrow, after he died in Englewood, New Jersey."

This was a complete surprise and a great shock to me.

"What is the significance of it?" I demanded.

"Never mind that," said my visitor. "You just ask Lindbergh that, and tell him I want to see him."

And so I passed the question on to Colonel Lindbergh in my home that night, together with the man's name and address. "Do you wish to see him, Colonel?" I asked.

"I certainly do," said Lindbergh. "Anybody like that be sure and send right to me. I'll see them all. About whether an autopsy was performed on Anne's father, I don't know. Anne and I were in China at the time, on that flight, you know. But I'll check up when I get back to New York."

I learned later that Colonel Lindbergh did see my strange visitor. Whatever came of their meeting I don't know. I mention the incident as an example of the strange things that are forever going on in the Lindbergh case. As to my money and its whereabouts, I never did hear from my caller again.

Whittaker and Means were found guilty, and Whittaker was sentenced to prison, and Means had some time added to what he already had to serve. Whittaker has done his time and is out now and living right in Washington.

One day, several months after the Means-Whittaker trial, a strange man called me on the phone. He said that he had come from New York especially to see me, and that he had something on his mind relating to the Lindbergh case. This was, of course, long before the world at large had ever heard of Bruno Richard Hauptmann; the mystery of who stole the Lindbergh baby was still wide open, and I felt it was the duty of every citizen to turn over to the authorities whatever information came his way. And so I told the man to come out.

Within an hour I was sitting in the long room with a well edcuated man in his thirties whose name was to be John—the same first name as that of the man to whom Jafsie Condon tossed fifty thousand dollars in the dark. My caller certainly looked as if he had a load on his mind.

"Mrs. McLean," he said, "I know all about your sad experience with Gaston Means, and I figured that you would be interested in what I have to say. It so happens that I have been a dope runner in my time. And that resulted eventually in my getting tied up in the Lindbergh crime, not as the kidnaper, but with the members of the gang whose job it was to collect the ransom money. I was the man with the handkerchief that Lindbergh saw when he sat in the car outside of St. Raymond's Cemetery the night Jafsie paid the ransom. I am the man who saw Jafsie wandering around near the cemetery and gave him directions where to go with the money."

I didn't understand why such a person should come to me and implicate himself. So I asked what his motive was.

"Motive?" He laughed bitterly. "God, Mrs. McLean, I haven't had a minute's peace since this thing happened! I figured you were a pretty understanding woman and I could talk to you."

"But what do you intend doing?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said. "I just had to tell this to somebody. Now I feel better."

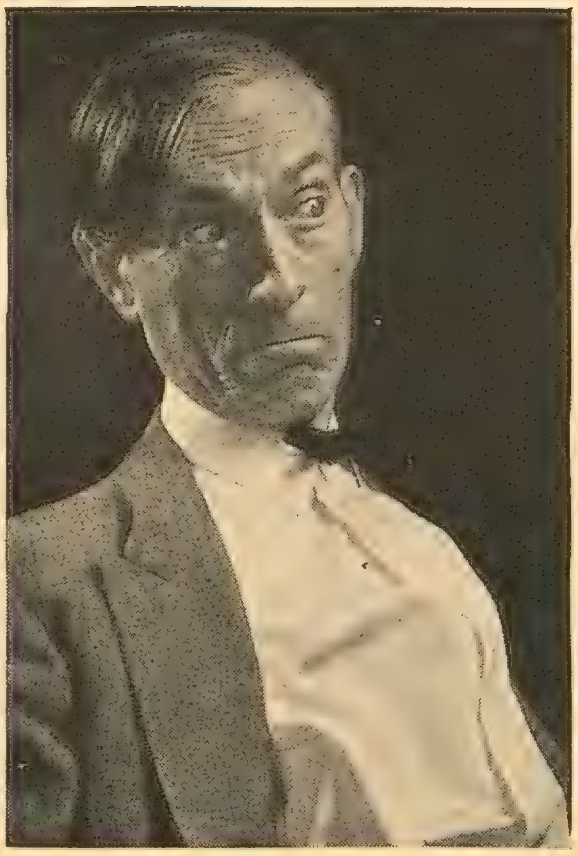
The man told me he had delivered dope to Violet Sharpe, the Morrow maid who committed suicide rather than face further police questioning, and to Ollie Whately, the Lindbergh butler. A gang headed by a certain New York racketeer, whose name my caller mentioned, had conceived the idea of the crime, and had questioned my informant as to details of the Lindbergh household. Whately and Violet Sharpe, he said, were eventually taken in on the plot, and on the night of the snatch Whately put dope in the baby's milk. "Everybody wonders why the kid didn't wake up that night. Well, that's why. He was doped and slept for almost twenty-four hours."

MY caller said he was unaware that the baby had been accidentally killed until long after he participated in the ransom episode. He said that certain details of the crime were kept from him after he had served his purpose as informant about the servants. The gang had gone ahead without him, calling him in at the last minute to play a small role at St. Raymond's Cemetery.

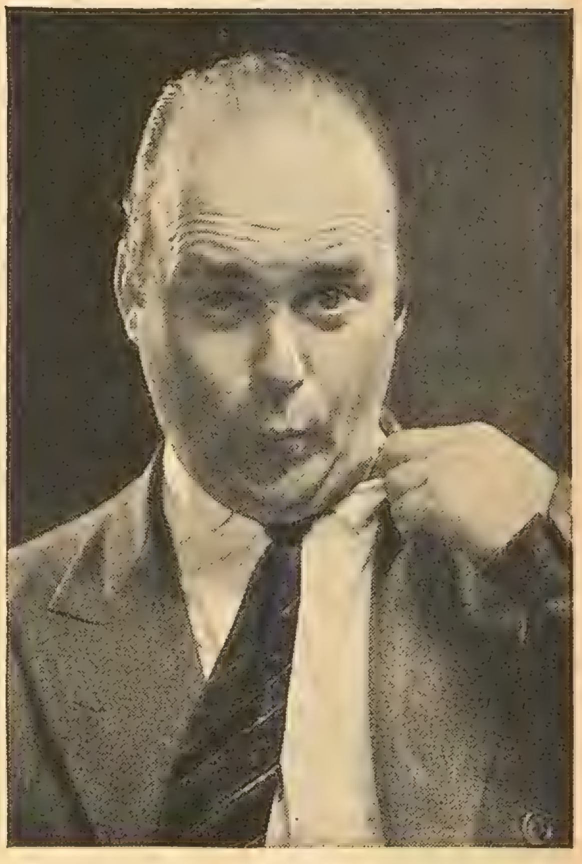
I still couldn't believe that this man had come all the way to Washington just to confess all this to me, so I pressed him for his real reason. I got it. He said he wanted part of the fifty-thousand-dollar reward that had been offered for information clearing up the mystery. He asked me if I could help him in obtaining some of the reward, and in obtaining leniency if he confessed his part in the crime and implicated the real culprits. I told him I wanted to think the matter over. And so he left, leaving with me an address in New York where I could reach him when I wanted him again.

I called on J. Edgar Hoover and turned John's story over to him. Mr. Hoover was interested enough to look into John further, and so he assigned several men to question me as to details. At this stage of the game one of the G-men admitted that they had had this same man who visited me under suspicion for some time and, in fact, had questioned him but had been unable to get anything of value out of him.

THE REMEDY, GENTLEMEN, IS AN ARROW SHIRT!

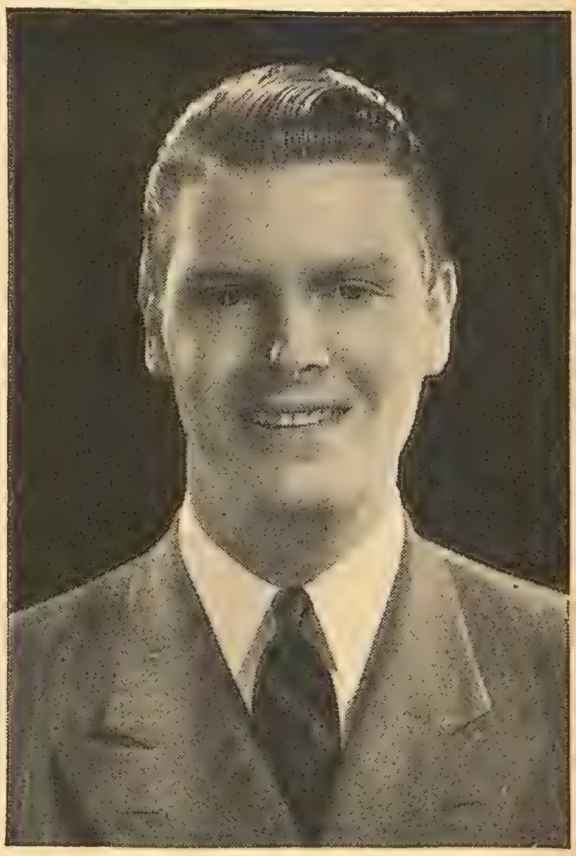


1. **"BUNCHY" BARNES'** shirt bosoms ride and ripple like the billowy sea. Take a hint, Bunchy—Arrow shirts have the special "Mitoga" fit that eliminates shirt-front bulges.



2. **DO YOU GET BLUE IN THE FACE** from shirt collars that shrink? Arrows are Sanforized; guaranteed to fit you perfectly even after dozens of washings!

3. **FLYING-SWAN COLLARS** never improved any man's appearance. Stick to Arrow shirts—there's 77 years of fine collar-making behind them. Every Arrow shirt is topped by a collar masterpiece.



4. **YOU LOOK BETTER** in an Arrow shirt! Like soft-collar shirts? Get long-wearing Arrow New Trump ($2, at your Arrow dealer's) . . . Prefer non-wilt collars? Get Arrow Dart ($2.25). Other Arrows $2 to $5.

ARROW SHIRTS

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks

After carefully considering the story, Mr. Hoover directed me to have the man visit Friendship and repeat it. This time he would be talking into dictograph. And so he came again and, without suspicion, repeated what he had told me. Every phase of his story was later thoroughly investigated. What came of the investigation I do not know.

John's story was, as a matter of fact, probably among the many plausible ones that were still being investigated when Bruno Hauptmann was arrested and everything else went by the board. He was merely one of many people who were to find their way to Friendship, without any invitation from me, I assure you, and whose stories, to my mind at least, put no greater strain on credulity than the story later put forward by the State of New Jersey in sending Hauptmann to the electric chair.

A strange occurrence involving the Hope Diamond took place during the investigation of John's tale. I have always been willing to take my own chances with the so-called gem of bad luck, but I don't want other people to. I had succeeded in getting it out of pawn, and when the G-men were planting "bugs," as they call dictograph, in my home, one of them became fascinated by it.

"May I hold that diamond up to the light and look through it, Mrs. McLean?" he asked.

I took it from my neck, warning him not to touch the stone itself. But, scoffing at my warning, he laughingly fingered it, and admired it greately.

I was very upset about the incident, but I attempted to join in his laughter at what he good-naturedly regarded as foolish superstition on my part.

Three nights after he touched the diamond, that agent—one of Mr. Hoover's ace men—was sitting at a desk, reading the reports of the conversation with John as they had come over the dictograph, when—apparently in the best of health—he suddenly slumped over his desk, dead. The doctor said it was heart trouble, although the agent was a very young man to come to that sort of end.

Things quieted down for me until Bruno Hauptmann was arrested in the fall of 1934. Then began a long and strange procession of people to Friendship, who had heard of my interest in the case. Later on I studied the trial testimony carefully—if what went on in Flemington beginning in January, 1935, could be called a trial. To me, it was a disgusting hippodrome.

ONE night, not long after Hauptmann went to the death house, dear old Charlie Curtis, former Vice-President of the United States, was at dinner at my home, in company with several senators and members of former President Hoover's cabinet. "I don't think the Lindbergh case is solved by any means," he said.

"I don't either," said a certain ex-cabinet member. "They tried one man—Curtis; your namesake, Charlie—for being in contact with a gang; and then, later on, in the very same courtroom, they tried somebody else as a lone wolf. It just doesn't add up."

"Why," I asked, "doesn't that Governor up there—Hoffman—step in and do something?"

Charlie Curtis laughed. "I know Harold Hoffman," he said. "A fine young fellow—but too smart a politician to touch that mess. Why, Evalyn, if he were to step in there, his actions would be construed as being on behalf of Hauptmann, and anybody who goes to bat for that fellow Hauptmann is 'through' with the voters. And Harold has his eye on the White House." Charlie shook his head sadly. "No," he said; "Harold's too smart for that. Too bad he is, too."

I thought of the former Vice-President's words all that night. What a pitiful state of affairs! I told myself. My conclusion was that as a mother and a taxpayer I had a perfect right to exert whatever influence I had in promoting further investigation.

So I called Charlie Curtis and told him that I wanted to go up to Trenton and see Governor Hoffman. Charlie said he'd call the Governor long-distance and phone me back. When he called back, he said:

"Evalyn, you won't have to go up to Trenton. Governor Hoffman is coming down to see you tomorrow."

When the Governor arrived the next day, I liked him immediately. He was young and enthusiastic and sincere. I expressed to him my doubts that Hauptmann had had a fair trial, that the skeleton in the woods was really that of the Lindbergh child, and all the rest.

"Mrs. McLean," he said, "I have been hearing these same things, and I have been doing some investigating. I haven't made up my mind yet as to what course to take."

"Governor," I said, "I have been hearing some nice things about you down here. You are being mentioned as a future possibility for the Republican nomination for the Presidency. You know, of course, that if you become actively interested in this case you will be taking the unpopular side and will perhaps ruin yourself politically."

Governor Hoffman walked around the room, stopping to look at, among other things, autographed photographs of two Republican Presidents. Then he turned to me and said with a sincerity that sent a thrill through me:

"Mrs. McLean, I fully realize what my reopening of the Lindbergh case would mean. But I would hate to think of putting my personal ambition ahead of justice. I am a father, and this Lindbergh case has moved me deeply. Once I become convinced that this case is not solved, I am going to do my best to clear it up."

HE made it clear that he was not holding out for Hauptmann's innocence, but was definitely of opinion that the German carpenter, if involved in the kidnaping; had not acted alone. He also discussed the possibility that the kidnaping and the ransom negotiations carried on with Jafsie had been two separate and distinct crimes.

Before the Governor left, he made it plain that he would appreciate any assistance I might be able to lend in the future, explaining that inasmuch as his principal investigative body, the New Jersey State Police, was definitely committed to the theory that Hauptmann alone had committed the crime, his hands were tied.

I harked back to the words of Wilson Mizner, the Great Wise Guy, in Los Angeles, to the effect that some "poor dope" would go to the "frying pan" and then everybody else would go out to the races.

One of the points that had always stuck in my mind concerned the skeleton that had been found in the woods within five miles of the Lindbergh home. I had serious doubts as to whether that was the Lindbergh child. I had heard rumors that the Attorney General's staff had breathed a sigh of relief when Edward J. Reilly, chief of Hauptmann's defense counsel, had conceded that the skeleton in the woods had been that of the Lindbergh child. I had heard rumors, too, that at least one other member of Hauptmann's legal staff had been startled when Reilly made that concession. And that Reilly often did things in the courtroom that came as complete surprises to the other Hauptmann lawyers was well known.

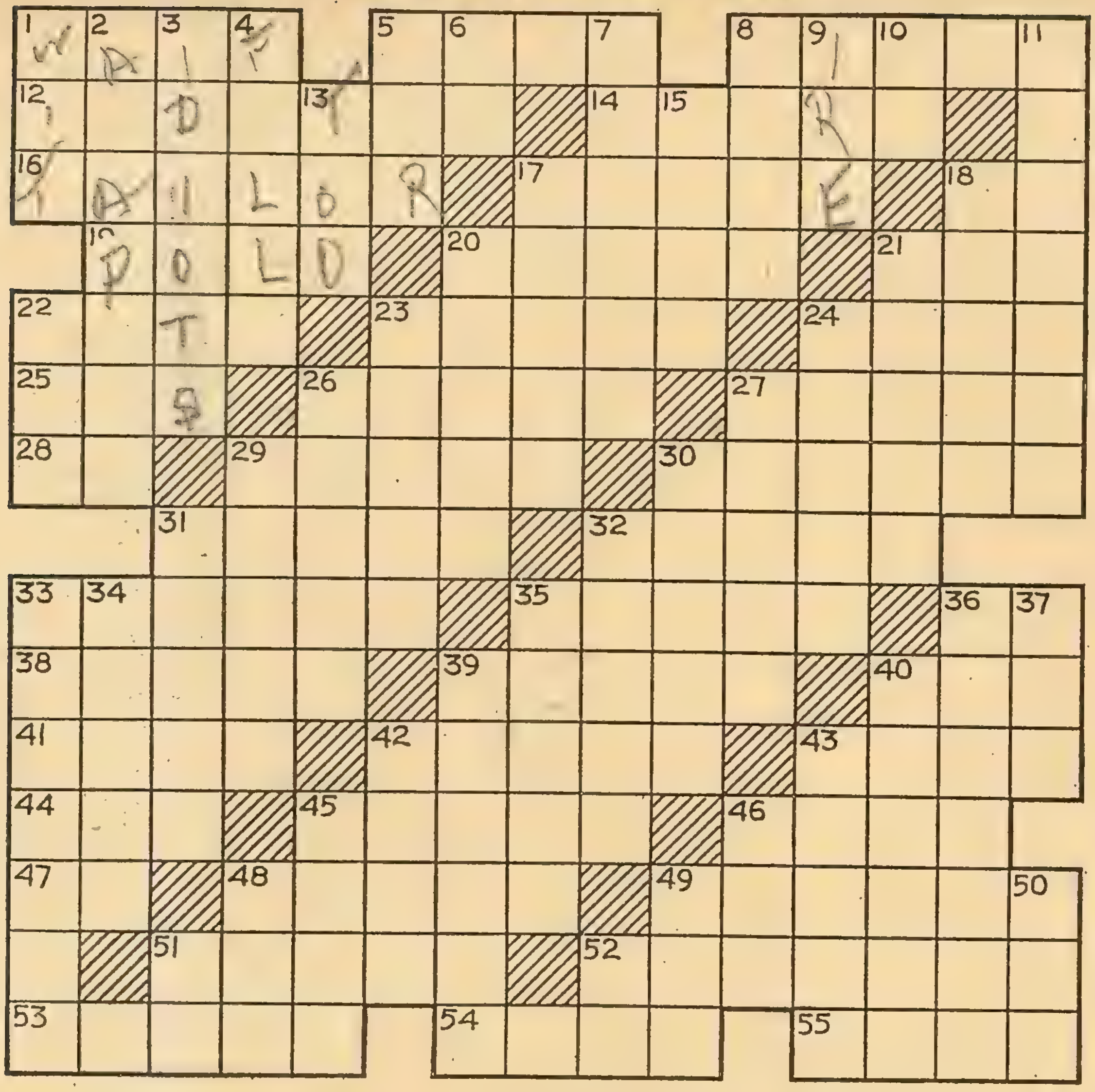
Also, I had heard statements from Ellis H. Parker, the New Jersey detective, that he didn't think it was possible that the Lindbergh child's body could have been so badly decomposed when found. Parker, of course, was later convicted of abducting and forcing a false confession from Paul H. Wendel, a notorious former lawyer, and Parker was unquestionably all wrong there; but certain facts remain, regardless, and one of them is that for many years Ellis Parker was one of the keenest detectives that this country has ever produced.

A photograph of the remains of the child that was found in the Sourland Mountain district was sent to me, and had there been any doubt in my mind about the possibility of a faulty identification, there was none now.

So I decided to go more thoroughly into the question of identification in order to help Governor Hoffman, if I could. For this purpose I communicated with Lieutenant Robert W. Hicks, a Washington criminologist and scientist who was highly recommended to me. I told Lieutenant Hicks that I wanted all the available facts about that body that had been found in the woods. It was several weeks before he completed his work, but what he turned up with did nothing less than astonish me.

What did Lieutenant Hicks report to Mrs. McLean concerning the body identified as the Lindbergh baby's? What additional grounds has she for her belief that the "closed" case still challenges investigation? Next week, concluding this series, she will tell you!

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A homeless wanderer
5 Cushions
8 Food (singular)
12 Composes
14 In a state of separation
16 Suit maker
17 Bring into alignment
18 One of the states (abbr.)
19 Game played on horses
20 To hoist
21 A beetle
22 Gives or assigns, as a contract
23 Polish
24 Genus of African trees
25 Suffix used to form feminine nouns
26 Aspect
27 Pain common to babies
28 Pronoun
29 Flat
30 Having rhythmical fall
31 Impel forward
32 A man's name
33 Walk pompously
35 Donates
36 Note of the diatonic scale
38 Doubly
39 Indian of Guiana
40 Threefold (prefix)
41 Roil
42 A mason's mallet
43 One who accomplishes
44 Right-angled extension of a building
45 Formerly, a love letter
46 A breakwater
47 Man's name (abbr.)
48 To desire
49 Shipworm
51 Card game
52 Bullfighter
53 Retinue of attendants
54 Pass over without notice
55 Any

S	U	M	M	E	R	T	I	M	E		S	C	A	R
T	R	U	E	■	A	R	M	E	D		T	A	B	U
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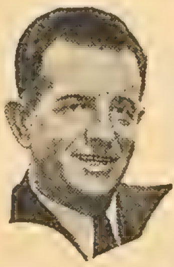
R	E	A	R	E	N	D	■	R	E	D	N	O	S	E
I	S	L	E		D	I	V	E	R	■	A	G	E	D
T	A	P	S		I	C	I	N	G	■	C	R	A	G
Y	U	S	T		A	T	M	O	S	P	H	E	R	E

Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Sharp humor
2 A metrical foot (var.)
3 Mentally feeble persons
4 Satisfies
5 Through
6 Conjunction
7 Containing salt
8 A weathercock
9 Anger
10 A preposition
11 Depreciate
13 Also
15 British India copper coin
17 Ascend
18 The American bobwhite
20 A clan chief (Scot.)
21 Deals out grudgingly
22 Monetary unit of Rumania (pl.)
23 Push
24 Additional measures in a musical composition
26 Lofty self-respect
27 A man's name
29 Sale value
30 Courteous
31 A mollusk which kills oysters
32 Enticing, dangerous woman
33 Veins
34 A woven fabric
35 A French dance (var.)
36 Absence of restraint
37 Atmosphere
39 Frolicsome leaps or springs
40 A city in Ohio
42 Bestowed
43 Belonging to Dora
45 A fuel
46 Encountered
48 Light bed
49 Spigot
50 Metal
51 Letter of Greek alphabet
52 A syllable sounded in solmization

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


Life Begins At 40

OVER 60—HOWARD R. GARIS, naturalist and storyteller, has written over 8,000 of his famous "Uncle Wiggily" tales for children since the first one appeared 25 years ago! "The more I write, the more I find to write about," he says.

AT 41—IRON-NERVED CAPTAIN GEORGE E. T. EYSTON reached a speed of 312 miles an hour in his "Thunderbolt," and drove the fastest mile ever made on land. 40 is not "old" for speed drivers. Captain Eyston plans to seek records for years to come.

Many Are Finding Life Better and Busier AFTER 40

Early aging often comes from two simple causes:

1. You may not get enough vitamins for your body's needs. Older people need certain vitamins just as much as children do.
2. Slower digestion—so often experienced by people in their 40's—may pull you down.

Many find help for *both* these after-40 troubles in one tonic food—Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It gives an *extra* supply of 4 essential vitamins. Eating these vitamins *in fresh yeast* helps the system to take them up *faster* and *more fully*. The yeast acts as a "booster" for the vitamins by stimulating a more active flow of digestive juices.

This improved digestion is a help often needed by many people in their 40's.

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast *every day*. Eat it *½ hour before meals*—plain or dissolved in a little water. Do this *faithfully*. See if it doesn't make you *feel younger* and more vigorous, so you can get more out of life.

Walter L. Watson Over 50—Lining up New Sales Leads

Dear Life Begins:

I've been a salesman for 23 years. Up to four years ago, I was working plenty hard and feeling fine. Then my digestion began to act up. Sleep deserted me, too.

I was telling a chap how awful I felt and he said: "Why don't you try Fleischmann's Yeast?" I started the next day.

My energy began picking up after two weeks. I can tell you I was mighty glad to wake up in the morning and feel like pitching into work. Now I'm able to take care of my clientele and still dig up new leads.
—WALTER L. WATSON

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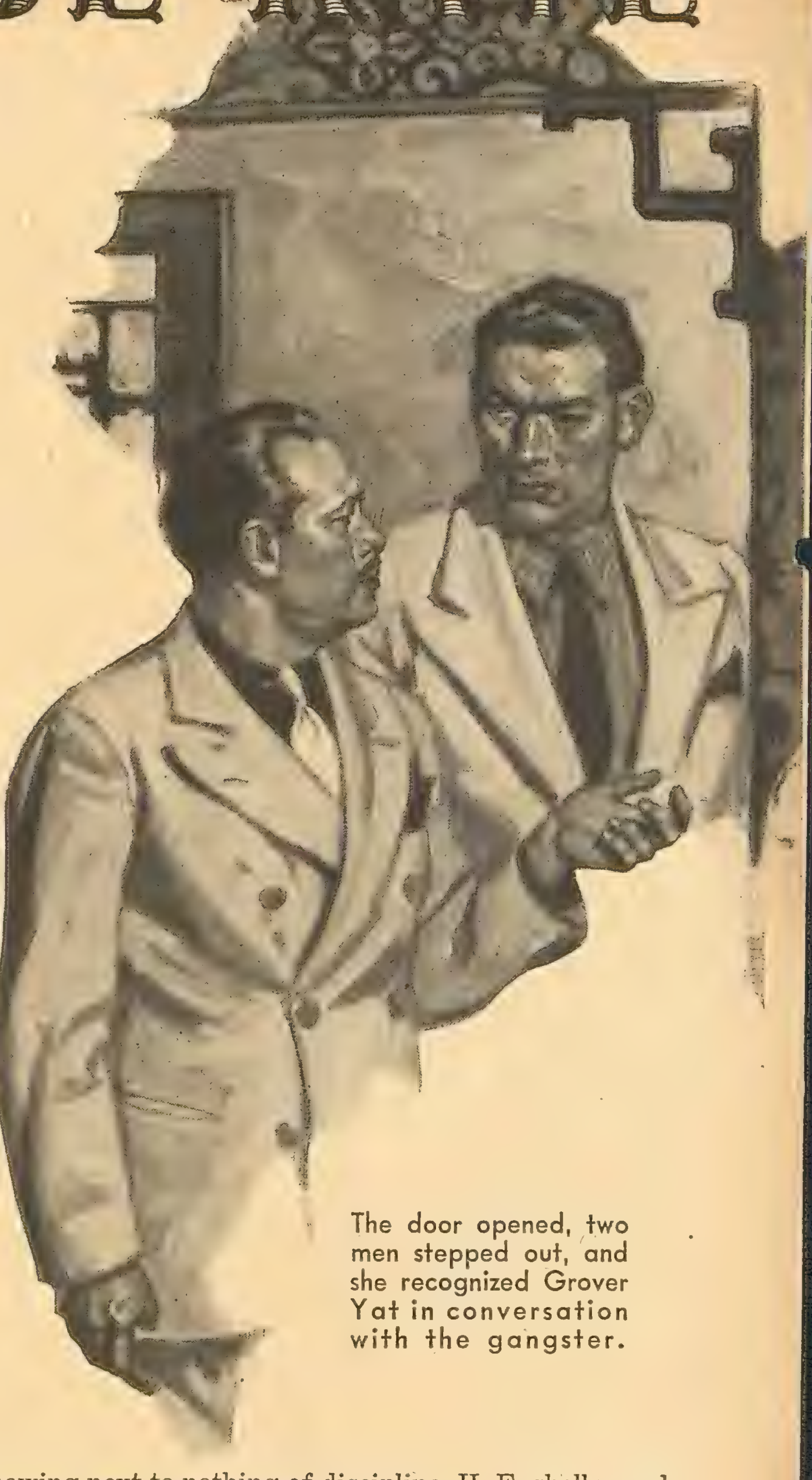
PARADISE KATE

Strangely now, into a nation's fight for life, fate leads a broken heart

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 6 SECONDS



The door opened, two men stepped out, and she recognized Grover Yat in conversation with the gangster.

FLEEING the Japanese bombardment of Shanghai, a young American tells the story of his search for the notorious Paradise Kate to a couple of newspaper correspondents.

Sixteen years ago, he said, Kate, wife of Billy Slater, a Los Angeles sports writer, was employed as a manicurist. Her most generous patron was Carlo Rossini, alias Donald M'Leod, gangster overlord. One night, piqued at her husband, she went with M'Leod to an underworld hangout where she was an eyewitness of a murder.

To safeguard himself and his henchmen and protect his dope and smuggling rackets, M'Leod had Kate shanghaied to Singapore, where she was sold to Koo Sung. On the way across she learned that her husband had been killed and her son adopted.

Soon after her arrival at Koo Sung's, Kate effected her escape with the aid of Ching Ling Hi, a giant coolie who had murdered a man. Ching planned to open a gambling house in Shanghai with Kate as the beautiful lure.

M'Leod, who had learned of Kate's escape, got a henchman to hire Chinese gunmen to kill her. Ching not only prevented this but got the gold paid the assassins, and with it he and Kate opened the Paradise Cabaret.

Grover Cleveland Yat, friend of Kate and trusted lieutenant of Chiang Kai-shek, invested a large sum in the Paradise and it prospered beyond their wildest dreams. One night Kate accidentally overheard that her son and his foster father had died in a fire. She vowed to kill M'Leod, cause of all her misfortune, and, on the heels of this decision, sighted him in a passing ricksha.

PART SEVEN—DRAMA IN SHANGHAI

KATE touched her ricksha coolie on the shoulder. "Stop!"

She pointed at the ricksha which bore Donald M'Leod. "See the one with the green top? Follow!"

The man obeyed. He had a hard time keeping the other ricksha in sight, since Thibet Road, as always, was thronged with men and women, buyers and sellers, haggling over infinitesimal values, mixed up with their wares as bees are with their honey.

Everything for sale. Nothing—not even a piece of string, an old cork, a ragged bit of paper—thrown away. For China is thrifty. China is poor.

Eternal China. Eternally starving. Eternally haggling.

Peaceful, patient China; though less peaceful and patient the armed men who elbowed through the crowd.

For—Grover Yat had told Kate the other day—Chiang Kai-shek, with Japan's demands growing ever more arrogant, was preparing for the coming storm. Shanghai would have to bear the brunt. So he had appointed Sung Kiang as generalissimo. The latter had sent out urgent messages for help, north, south, west; and here they were —militia, volunteers, military levies—call them what you will—like illustrations from some fantastic book of travel.

Shensi men in lemon-yellow tunics embroidered with purple dragons. Short wiry Cantonese, some carrying great two-handed swords, while others fingered American carbines. Sturdy black-turbaned Kansu braves with skins like glowing copper. Flat-featured, bandy-legged peasants from Szechuan armed—pathetically—with bows and arrows. Trim khaki-clad Pekingese of the European-drilled artillery corps—the *Shen-chi Ying*, or "Divine Mechanism Army," as it was called.

Not very efficient, most of them. No click and snap. Knowing next to nothing of discipline, H. E. shells, modern warfare. And so few of them, compared to China's enormous population. Yet—Grover Yat had pointed out to Kate—it was a sign which way the wind was blowing; a proof that China was becoming united.

United in love of independence and freedom.

United, too, in hate of the foreigners—and Kate was amused, she almost applauded, as she saw a soldier pick up a handful of sticky black mud and throw it at Donald M'Leod; was less amused, a few seconds later, as another soldier caught sight of her, loped by the side of her ricksha and started grossly insulting her.

"Addled turtle egg," he called her, much to the delight of the populace, and "leprous calamity."

She shrugged her shoulders. Couldn't really blame him. She knew China. Knew how the foreigners, most of them, treated the Chinese. Treated them like suckers; like fall guys who held the bag.

Still, the fellow was getting altogether too personal in his remarks. She was losing face, and had lived in this neck of the woods long enough not to like the idea.

By ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

She leaned from the ricksha. In fluent, pungent Chinese she gave the man as good as she had gotten.

"Uncouth nephew of a wart!" she cried. "Great-grandson of a flea! May that happen to your ignoble back that happens to the drum on feast days!"

She spat, vastly and contemptuously—and an expression of utter, incredulous amazement spread over the soldier's leathery features. Then, suddenly, he broke into gargantuan laughter.

"*Hai-hai-hai!*" he yelled; and, for all the world to hear and admire: "Here is a woman of the foreign barbarians who speaks our language! A woman—by the Buddha!—after my own stout heart. Ah"—with a lordly gesture, as if the street belonged to him—"pass on your way, O exquisite female dragon!"

Again his roaring laughter. It was echoed up and down Thibet Road. No more insults. Friendly words instead. Good-humored, highly-spiced jests; and her answering jests in kind—she was all for these yellow boys—you bet! Swell lot, that's what they were. . . .

AND so, in the wake of M'Leod's, her ricksha reached the Palace Hotel.

M'Leod got out of his ricksha and entered.

She motioned to the doorman who approached.

Yes, he said in reply to her question, the gentleman was staying here; had arrived on the previous morning. And—importantly—a big tycoon he was. Millionaire.

Kate's lips curled.

No doubt as to the nature of the gangster's business. What Ching Ling Hi had guessed: Opium. The swine!

Well, she reflected coldly, he wouldn't be selling much dope. Not after today.

She told her coolie:

"Never mind about the steamship office. Back to Nantao. Stop at the Three Golden Lilies shop."

There, at the end of twenty-five minutes, she had bought a revolver. And at the end of another twenty-five minutes, with the weapon hidden under her coat, which she carried across her left arm, she was once more at the Palace Hotel and asking the clerk behind the desk:

"Mr. Donald M'Leod's room number?"

The clerk consulted a chart.

"Five hundred and ten." And he added, with malice aforethought, fully aware of her identity, having spent many a night at her cabaret: "Whom shall I announce?"

"Aw, go change your collar, Marmaduke! You know blamed well who I am. But never mind announcing."

"The rules of the house . . ."

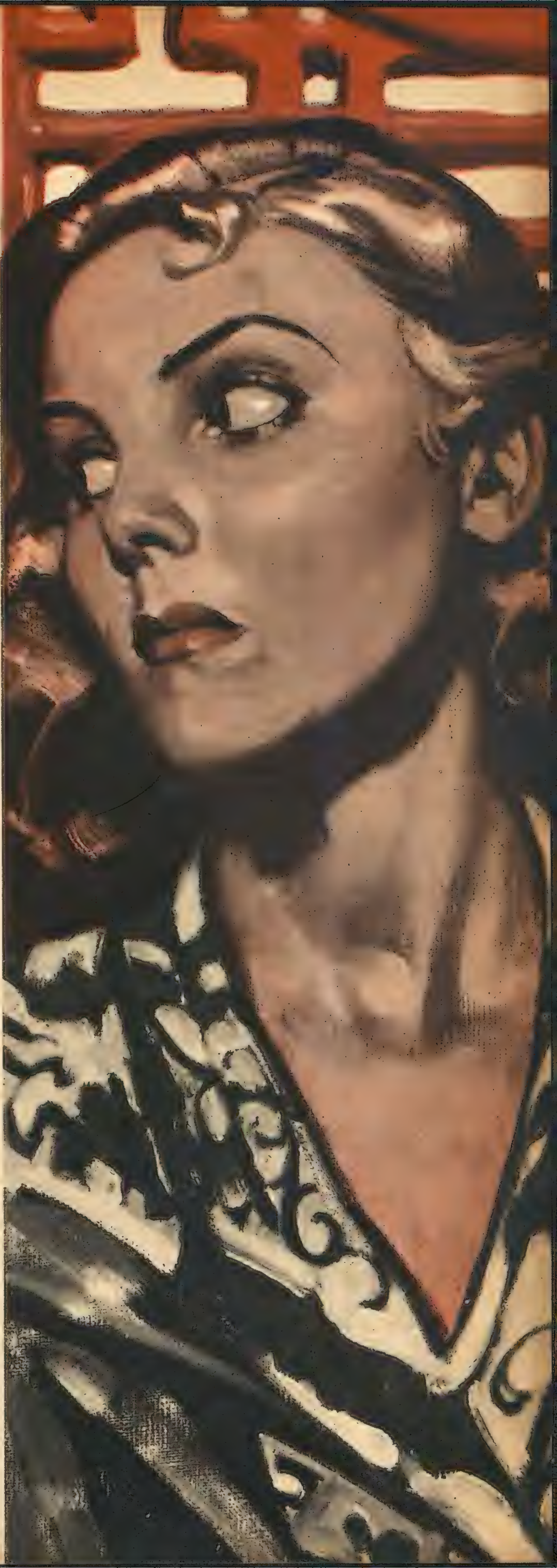
"The rules of the house be blowed! I"—she smiled thinly—"am going to surprise him."

The elevator took her upstairs. She found two doors side by side. One, marked 509, was ajar, showing a room that was unoccupied. The other was 510.

She transferred her revolver to her right hand and cocked the trigger—she'd fire as soon as she crossed the threshold—M'Leod was mighty quick on the draw. She took a deep breath; was about to knock—and immediately backed into the empty room as the door opened, as two men stepped out and she recognized Grover Yat in conversation with the gangster, walking arm in arm with him.

They had not noticed her. She had been too swift and the light was too dim. Couldn't shoot now, she thought—might hit Grover. . . .

She wondered what he was doing here, why he was so



They had not noticed her. Couldn't shoot now—might hit Grover. . . . She wondered what he was doing here.

pally with the gangster—and, a second later, knew. For as they passed down the hall she heard a few words.

"It'll take a raft of dough to handle," M'Leod was saying—"between two and three million. The biggest shipment that ever came out of Persia. My people can swing half . . ."

"And I the other half."

"Attababy!"

She heard their feet echoing along the corridor. Heard the rattle and clank of the elevator.

Then silence.

KATE stood there. Momentarily she dismissed M'Leod from her mind; dismissed her hate, her desire and decision to kill him. She was thinking of Grover Yat and felt overwhelmed by gray, brooding sadness.

Grover, she reflected, in the racket. That's what he must have alluded to, that time when he had made that curious remark—about the Paradise not being the most unsavory enterprise in which he was interested.

Wasn't it the truth, though! Why, the Paradise was sweetness and light compared to the dope business. And Grover Yat—with his highfalutin claims of being a patriot—was in it up to his neck. . . .

If she faced him with it, he'd try and pull that same old gag: Didn't want the money for himself but for China, because he loved China, needed the dough for his political schemes. Well, she wasn't going to bite, not this trip. One didn't poison what one loved. Not for *any* reason.

All Grover was after was the coin. Just like M'Leod. Associated with the latter, wasn't he? And—the thought struck her suddenly—maybe stabbing *her* in the back? Maybe telling him she was still alive and . . .

Wouldn't put it beyond him. Wouldn't put anything beyond a guy in the dope game.

But nothing to be scared of.

She would attend to M'Leod. This wasn't Los Angeles, where he ruled the roost. Shanghai it was, her stamping ground. She had plenty of friends here, at least in the native town. Chiefly Ching Ling Hi, her partner.

A tough egg? Sure. A tough egg who this last year or two had been getting steadily tougher. Presiding at night over the gambling rooms at the Paradise. And that wasn't the half of it. For she knew that he had his mitt in a dozen other industrial rackets, like the ricksha business, getting his share, the lion's share, in all sorts of grafts. Muscling in everywhere. Rapidly getting to be the uncrowned king of Shanghai's underworld.

She wondered what she ought to do about Grover Yat. Had to do something. Couldn't let him get away with it. For she loved China; loved the Chinese. They had been pretty nice to her. You bet they had.

Should she go straight to Chiang Kai-shek? Put him wise as to what his precious trusted lieutenant was up to?

Chiang Kai-shek, the mild man, was harsh where China's welfare was at stake. He would make short shrift of the other. The *swish-swish* of the executioner's broad blade it would be.

She visualized the grim scene; shuddered.

No, no! Couldn't do it. Because of Mayling, Grover's sister and her friend.

She would call on her. Tell her. Consult with her. They could get Grover out of the country today, at once. Then, and only then, she would spill the story to Chiang Kai-shek. He would go after the opium smuggling. . . .

She rang for the elevator.

Outside, she hailed a ricksha.

"Rue François Garnier."

She got there not many minutes later. Yat Mayling was in. She looked at Kate, frowned, and said:

"What's the matter? You seem ill. Anything happen, darling?"

"Plenty."

She blurted out what she had discovered; was utterly taken aback when the other replied:

"Tell me something new."

"You—you know?"

"Everything."

Then she explained.

It appeared that Grover had deliberately, and in a discreet, roundabout way, communicated with Donald M'Leod, after he had made sure that the latter was in control of the drug racket from the Pacific Coast to beyond the Rockies and had a network of connections all over the Far East. It was her brother's plan, by becoming the man's partner, to catch him in a trap; to obtain a complete list of his associates; to denounce them and him, with full proof, to the American government and, by the same token, help China get rid of the opium evil which he considered one of the greatest obstacles in her weary march toward freedom and happiness.

"M'Leod," added Mayling, "is going to be here only until tomorrow. And Grover didn't want to tell you, to worry you. Hoped you would not find out about M'Leod being in Shanghai."

Kate breathed a sigh of relief.

"Gee," she commented, "I owe your brother a humble apology for all the rotten things I thought of him!" She got up to go. "Be seeing you."

She went toward the door. Her coat, still thrown over her left arm to hide the revolver, slipped a little. There was a glint of steel. Mayling saw it.

"Kate!" she called. "Let me have that gun. You mustn't do it. I won't let you."

Kate grew angry.

"Some of your Christian forgiveness, I guess. Well, I'm not as good a Christian as you."

"But surely as loyal a friend?"

"What's friendship got to do with it?"

"M'Leod is the head of the opium syndicate. . . ."

"So much more reason to . . ."

"No, no! Grover still needs him. He hasn't all the names and figures and . . ."

"And so he wants M'Leod to live—so's he can get the whole low-down?"

"That's it."

"Sorry—but here's where friendship ends. I," in a hard voice, "don't want M'Leod to live. I want him dead—see?"

"Because of the past?"

"And because of what he's done to me."

"Can't you forgive the past?"

"How can I?"

"The future . . ."

"Don't make me laugh. The future," bitterly, "with Junior in his grave—and me Paradise Kate?"

AGAIN she turned toward the door. Again the other stopped her.

"I wasn't talking about *your* future."

"Oh?"

"China." She stepped up to Kate. "You like China, don't you? And—you'd help China?"

"A lot of help I could be—I don't think."

"I don't think. I know."

"For instance?"

"By making the Chinese—some of them—understand that not all foreigners are tarred with the same brush; that there are decent, kindly people in America and Europe."

"You bet there are. But how d'you expect me—Paradise Kate—to bring this home to your countrymen?"

"By—precisely—being Paradise Kate. By keeping on living as you are living and doing what you are doing. Living and doing the way you're known and loved for in Nantao. Honest and generous and fair-minded and tolerant and straightforward and—oh—a good sport." She put her arms about Kate. "Oh, yes—you've had lots of sorrow. You've been spotted by dirt and grime. But there's an ancient Chinese saying that it is the sorrows and dust and grime which purify the great soul."

Kate swallowed hard.

"Don't be a sap!" she exclaimed.

Mayling smiled.

"You'll help us?" she asked.

"Yes, yes! I'm sick of arguing. I'll do what I can. I'll spread sweetness and light up and down Thibet Road. I'll wipe the little brats' noses and compare operations and diets with the old ladies and be taken for a sucker by the panhandlers and . . ." She interrupted herself; continued with sudden enthusiasm: "I'll do something more practical. I'm making heaps of dough—and what good is it to me, now that Junior has passed on? Tell you what! I'll start a ward in a hospital for poor Chinese kids. What d'you think of that, Mayling?"

"I think," were the other's soft words, "that the Lord has kissed you on the brow."

KATE was true to her word. She established the ward; kept it in funds, engaged American-trained Chinese doctors and nurses, and took a personal interest in its management.

Almost daily she went there, with always a smile, a jest, flowers and little presents for the sick children. And it was told of her by the old women that when she entered the building, happiness entered alongside of her, and when she left, happiness departed and grief returned; and there would be deep bows and heartfelt greetings as she walked along the street:

"Ten thousand years!"

"Ten thousand times ten thousand years!"

"Ah," said a white-haired mandarin, "like the blessed Kwannon, she is the sweet-faced goddess of mercy standing narrow-footed upon a golden lily!"

So that's what they called her: Kwannon. The American Kwannon.

That's what they called her in Nantao. Not in the French Concession and the International Settlement. There she was still Paradise Kate. Paradise Kate, the white woman who ran a cabaret and had a Chinese, Ching Ling Hi, for partner.

Of course they knew about the ward, and over their cocktails at the Shanghai or the French Club, many wondered why she was doing it. They were, somehow, simple men who had to have blatantly outward proof of the fact that they were happy; a fat bank account, a fast automobile with all the latest gadgets, a bottle of vintage champagne, a woman's painted smile. According to their naïvely brutal philosophy, nobody did anything unless he had a sound reason; unless, by the same token, he tried to make it pay, either in cash or in sensation. And—to quote Tom Murgatroyd, the beefy Yorkshireman who dealt in tea wholesale—there was no cash to be squeezed out of a children's ward.

"Ain't I right, lads?"

"Right as rain," agreed Carley, the Australian ship broker. "Can't imagine what she's after."

Tubby Townsend had overheard the conversation. He came over to their table.

"She's after something," he announced, "which you fellows—being the bounders you are—couldn't understand in a month of Sundays. Peace of soul."

"My blinkin' oath!" guffawed the Australian. "Good old Tubby—gettin' sentimental!"

Ching Ling Hi, who was not allowed in the club, on the other hand, did understand, though he made slur-

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ring comment: "Did I not go to the British mission school? Am I not, too, a Christian? 'The greatest of these is charity'—eh?"

"Well," rather self-consciously, "as long as it gives me pleasure . . ."

"Costly pleasure—to give away every cent you make."

"What's that to you?" was Kate's aggressive demand.

"Perhaps more than you think."

"Oh . . .?"

"Yes." He smiled at her. It was, so queerly, a kindly smile. For let us repeat that ever since their paths had met, straight through from crimson beginning to crimson end, he liked her, in a way, as she, in a way, liked him. There was between them this iron bond forged by fate. "Whatever affects you," he continued slowly, "is of concern to me. After all, our fortunes for so many years have been one."

She gave a little smile.

"Been sort of drifting apart, haven't we? Not the close partners we used to be."

He shrugged his shoulders. He knew it was the truth.

Indeed, of late his share in the Paradise had become one of the least important of his interests. Once upon a time, when he had been a lean, starved, wolfish Singapore coolie, his ambition, right up to the limit of his imagination, had been to amass—let us say—fifty thousand dollars. He had made the fifty thousand. Had made a hundred thousand. Then his first million. His second. His third. More and more; and, inexorably, with each million his greed—his obsession for gold and power—grew and bloated.

It became insatiable. And if today he was, without a doubt, the richest man, yellow or white, in Shanghai, with his fingers in every pot, in every graft and racket large or small, he dreamed now of being, some day, the richest man in China—in all the Far East.

And he was getting there. He was reaching out; was spinning his spider's web through the length and breadth of the land. Nor did the first Japanese invasion mean more than a temporary setback. . . .

BERNARR MACFADDEN INVITES COMPOSERS TO WRITE SONG FOR NATION'S AIR DEFENDERS

OUTSTANDING among the events at the National Air Races in Cleveland this week was the dinner honoring Bernarr Macfadden, seventy-year-"young" speed pilot and aviation enthusiast. One hundred of America's air notables, military and civil, attending applauded Mr. Macfadden's plan to inspire a song for the nation's flying defenders which will echo for all time wherever fighting airmen gather.

Major General Oscar Westover, the United States Army Chief of Air Corps, thanked Mr. Macfadden and accepted his generous proffer of one thousand dollars to be paid to the composer who can capture the "spirit of the Air Forces" and translate it into such a theme as the Marines have found in From the Halls of Montezuma, the Artillery in the rollicking Caissons Go Rolling Along.

For those heroic immortals who in the cold bleak dawn across the sea "cranked 'em up" and flew out to meet enemy ships—and did not come back—this song must be a triumphal requiem.

For airmen of today who have studied and planned and achieved a great national defense this song must be a stirring "onward march" to world dominance of the air—such that none dare attack us.

Composers—both amateur and professional—are invited to submit words and music to the Army Air Corps Song Committee, composed of ranking officials of the Air Corps and nationally known music critics. Address the committee in care of Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. This is not a contest, and the committee reserves the right to return any or all scores submitted. The offer will stand until a composition worthy of its purpose is discovered.

JAPAN—that was in 1932—was not yet ready for brutal, brazen conquest. The gangster nations of the world had not yet begun their sneering, crushing juggernaut advance. There were still, not certain scruples, but certain fears as to how England and France would react; and the Japanese started out on this adventure merely to find out what would happen.

They found out. Found out that England and France—bled white by their disastrous victory in the World War, burdened by taxes, weakened by unemployment, talked much and did little.

Therefore, presently, having pacified Shanghai—that's what they called it—the Japanese withdrew, to gather strength, not to forget military supplies, for the real invasion a few years hence. And in the meantime—said the wise statesmen at Tokyo—while our soldiers and sailors are getting ready, let our civilians, our diplomats and spies, do their part—by propaganda. For there is only one danger: a united China.

And only one man who can unite it: Chiang Kai-shek. Draw his teeth before he can bite!

So, after the evacuation, Japanese money was freely spent in Shanghai. Everybody had his share of it. The town was boom-boom-booming away at a greater speed than ever. The Paradise, for instance, had to build an annex to take care of the overflow, and this annex was reflected by a new wing to Kate's hospital.

And Ching . . .?

His dreams coming more and more true.

He was dealing, serenely impartial, with a dozen war lords, not caring a tinker's curse to what political party, pro-Japanese or pro-Russian, they belonged, as long as they paid cold cash for the rifles and ammunition and bombs and airplanes which he smuggled into the country. He was the directing genius of a fleet of black-flag pirate junks that looted down the China coast and up the Yellow River. He was, through his numerous agents, hand in glove with Manchurian and Mongolian bandits who, under the guise of patriotism, tore across the land with the rattle of the sword and the scream and bray of the long-stemmed war trumpets.

More millions rolling in. Millions paid with blood and suffering.

"My word!" observed the manager of the local branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, rubbing his hands. "Can't tell you, of course. Wouldn't be business ethics. But—if I *could* tell you Ching Ling Hi's balance on our books . . ."

"Personally," replied the manager of the French Bank, "I wouldn't touch that kind of money with a ten-foot pole."

He lied.

For that same afternoon he called on Ching who, today, lived in a palace which—as Grover Yat put it—combined whatever was most expensively bad taste in the Orient with whatever was most expensively bad taste in the Occident. Strident, fabulous, barbaric splendor. Ivory and silk. Pearls and diamonds. Porcelain and precious inlaid woods. Silver and gold. Chiefly—for there was his obsession—gold.

My toilet articles—look at them!—gold, pure gold. Gold, pure gold, my knives and forks and spoons, my cups and saucers, my tea service, my plates—enough plates for a banquet for a hundred guests. And—*hayah-hayah!*—the end of the road was not yet. He'd travel a still longer way!

Ah—when he strolled down the street, the great merchants kowtowing to him no less obsequiously than the poorest laborers. Because they were afraid of his strength, his ruthlessness.

Pride in the knowledge. The rather childish, rather ingenious pride of a dictator—be he white or yellow, Aryan or Mongol. And it was by playing upon this trait that Grover Yat and Kate obtained Ching's assistance in the one thing which was of such vital importance to the former and in which he had failed so far. . . .

FOR Donald M'Leod had been more wary than Yat had expected. He had kept the inner ramifications of the dope syndicate locked securely in his tough brain; had refused to give out any information which might be useful.

Therefore, one day, the playing upon Ching's pride, upon his diseased conceit and vanity. A word dropped in his ear. About a foreigner who boasted that his riches and power were as great as—no! greater than—Ching's; who threatened that, sooner or later, when he got round to it, he would crush the other as boot heel crushes beetle.

Ching flared up.

"The name of the man!" he demanded.

"Donald M'Leod," said Kate. "You remember?"

Oh, yes—he remembered. The man—Buddha, Buddha! So long ago—whose rôle in Kate's life had brought such tragic results; whose rôle in Ching's own life had brought, indirectly, such pleasant results, since it had been M'Leod's money—blood money, a thousand dollars, paid by Pete to Li Yuan as the price for Kate's murder—which had given him his start in Shanghai. The man who—he knew—made millions out of the opium racket.

He himself had never traded in opium. Not through scruples. But because he had too many other interests to look after. Thus, heretofore, he had not tried to interfere in M'Leod's business.

But now—it appeared—the latter was boasting; was actually threatening him. . . .

Ching smiled.

"Even the cleverest fox," he quoted the Chinese proverb, "goes at last to the shop of the furrier."

So he set to work. He stretched his nets. He had agents and confederates throughout China. They filtered their shrewd crooked way here and there; whispering crafty words in temples and market places and caravansaries; collecting information by freely spending money whenever needed—and as freely, whenever needed, breaking heads. And it was on an evening nearly two years later that Grover Yat entered Kate's office at the Paradise and held out to her a Los Angeles newspaper.

She shook her head. Not since that night when she had heard of her son's death had she opened a home paper. Home news? Didn't matter to her. Los Angeles was no longer her home. Home was right here in Shanghai. Paradise Kate, that's who she was.

She said to Grover, pointing at the paper: "No interest to me."

"All right," he replied. "But you'll listen to the headlines."

He read them out: "'Dope Ring Smashed. Carlo Rossini, Alias Donald M'Leod, Draws Seventeen Years. Other Indictments Pending.'"

He looked at her. She was strangely silent.

"Are you glad?" he asked.

"Guess I am," was her dull-voiced answer.

WHY, she told herself, she had every reason to be glad. Seventeen years. Worse than death. For death at least meant an end, a full stop; while a lifetime behind iron bars . . .

Oh, yes. She should be glad. Here was revenge. And yet—what good was revenge? It meant—nothing. It could not bring back her son. . . .

How old would he have been?

This was the year 1936. Her son, in 1922, when M'Leod had shipped her to Singapore, had been six. Would have been twenty today, had he lived. Almost through college. For that's what she and Bill had wanted. Send him to college. Give him a chance to make something of himself.

She shut off her thoughts.

What was the use of brooding about a life that was no more? There were other lives to look after. Little sick Chinese kiddies over at her ward.

It needed a lot of new equipment that would cost plenty of money. But let the suckers foot the bill; the suckers who nightly crowded the Paradise. She'd put a couple of bucks on each bottle of champagne. Six bits on each portion of caviar. Soak 'em a stiff cover charge.

For the Europeans in Shanghai were making money hand over fist this last year, before the Japanese siege. Making it and spending it. Dancing on a volcano. No idea how soon the volcano would erupt. They were purblind—as their governments back home were purblind.

Doing nothing. Instead, beneath the dome of the League of Nations, babbling ceaselessly; passing noble resolutions and mouthing high-minded slogans.

GROVER YAT one evening had come to Kate's office at the Paradise, accompanied by his sister.

He said: "Mayling and I are going away—tonight. Chiang Kai-shek's orders."

"For long?"

"I don't know. Oodles of things to be done. Arrive at some kind of understanding with certain of the war lords and the leaders of the Chinese northern army—before the storm breaks. . . ."

"And—you don't know when you'll be back?"

"No"—he repeated slowly—"I don't know."

There was a silence. They did not know what to say. Because they were so devoted to one another, these three; and because they had the same gray premonition that—oh, yes!—it meant farewell forever. . . .

"Well," said Kate after a while, "so long—and God bless you!"

"God bless you!" said Grover Yat.

"God bless you!" echoed his sister.

They left—and Kate walked up and down the room. Her best friends gone, she thought; her only friends. She was alone. In Shanghai. In all the world. And the next moment she told herself defiantly: "No. I'm not alone. For there is myself. There is my work. There is my ward. And, too, there's Ching."

Ching! The overlord of Shanghai's crime and vice!

Ching! Ruthless, cruel, brutal, his hands and his soul stained with blood!

Still, he and she had passed through the mill together. She liked him, in spite of everything, as he liked her. You bet she liked him—tough, hard-boiled Ching Ling Hi who so queerly, so unreasonably, was destined, a few months hence, to die a brave man's death, with a pistol bullet droning the requiem and a policeman's whistle shrilling a sardonic Te Deum. . . .

The inferno was almost upon them!

A time of menace draws near for China: a menace that will clutch at Ching, at Grover, at Kate herself. Drama, stark, thrilling, vivid, stalks through the pages of next week's installment as this fast-moving novel nears its climax.

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A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

GIRL TAKES DRINK

BY GERALDINE YORK

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOHERTY, JR.

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

HELP me tell my three girls how to drink and how not to drink. . . . I wish they wouldn't, but they probably will. . . . Two have just started office work. The third is in her last year at high school. . . . My husband and I never indulge in liquor ourselves. Neither he nor I could give the young snips any practical advice about it if they asked us—which of course they won't. . . ."

The above is quoted from a conversation I had with an affectionate, worried mother. Since talking with her I've been shown there are nonalcoholic parents everywhere who now find themselves in much the same predicament. That is why I have tried to assemble some of the basic lessons every girl should learn before she takes a drink.

There will be objections to this, I expect, from readers who do not believe any good girl ever needs to take a drink. But we may as well face the fact that if a modern girl is lively, inquisitive, sociable, she will do many things that, in former days, a respectable young lady never thought of doing. And drinking is one of them. So, instead of avoiding responsibility by seeking refuge in some moralistic dodge, hadn't we better teach the girl how to take the drink safely, rather than risk the danger of letting the drink take the girl?

A few simple rules may protect you, sister, from a lot of drinking troubles. Jot these down, and say them over to yourself each time you hoist that dimpled elbow: 1. Understand exactly what you're drinking. 2. Steer clear of wrong mixtures. 3. Drink slowly. 4. Fight shy of wrong drinking companions. 5. Mustn't drink on an unfed tummy. 6. Practice saying "Not another drop, thank you"—and meaning it.

Of all spirituous libations, the cocktail deserves your wariest attention. No intelligent girl experiments with the advanced mathematics of cocktail drinking. One cocktail spells wisdom, two spell discretion, three spell recklessness—after which point the spelling bee stands a formidable chance of turning into anything from a hog-calling match to a complete fade-out.

Cocktails most generally encountered are built on foundations of gin or whisky, rum or applejack. They are the Martini, the Bronx, Pink Lady, Old-fashioned, Manhattan, Ward Eight, Baccardi, Daiquiri, Jack Rose, etc. Sidecars have brandy for their major armament, and their impact is powerful. In addition there are hundreds of more or less famous cocktail blends, many of them with ingredients as freakishly united as their titles suggest. Never hesitate to demand a bill of particulars when invited to partake of a cocktail that is new to you. You ought always to know what is in it before you drink it. That's because you never should veer from a cocktail of one classification—one of the gin branch, let us say—to one of the other departments, such as the rum or whisky cocktails.

Buy or borrow a regulation book of drink recipes. Familiarize yourself with the names and formulas of the most popular drinks. In time you will then learn what goes into what, and you will henceforth be competent to flit from this to that without adventuring ignorantly into one of those ever so slight little errors of judgment which can tumble a nice girl into a horrid jag.

The ancient admonition against "mixing your liquors" cannot be borne too faithfully in mind by girls taking drinks. Wrong mixtures make you drunk and sad and sick. At the same sitting, do not mix Scotch or rye or brandy, or rum or applejack, or beer or wine or cordials. Don't mix any of them. Cling to one. Cordials, by the way, can be snakes in the tender grass of the greenhorn drinker. They look so pretty, taste so sweet. Yet often sweetness and flavoring mask an alcoholic content as high as that of the stiffest whisky.

Because they are not as dynamically powered as some, the Dubonnet cocktail and the Clover Club cocktail are worth noting. Tall drinks diluted with plenty of water and ice include the Collins family, the various fizzes, the sours, the Amer Picon frappé, Amer Picon highball, and a wide assortment of others easy to memorize from any accredited drink book. Tall drinks offer the great advantage, to a girl especially, of lasting a long, long time when you have cultivated the knack of nursing them. They are a blessing indeed to the girl who only drinks out of sheer amiability. A prominent woman executive informs me that she departed years ago from the awkward ordeal of refusing drinks. Instead, she now sticks to long, lingering ones. "I'd never endure all the conventions and sales jamborees at which I'm obliged to be present," she said, "if I had not developed the system of dawdling over a long drink for hours."

How does alcohol act on you? Do *you* know? Rare is the friend who will tell you frankly whether or not you are just as nice a girl as usual after you've had a drink.

Milady, here's how—to be smart and convivial, and wise!—A guide to gay young moderns in a new kind of world

For safety's sake it is therefore imperative that you study your own reactions to liquor. It may make you gossipy, gloomy, hilarious, quarrelsome, flirtatious, amorous, clownish, cattish, confessional, or simply so drowsy you can't keep your big blue eyes open. And you are as wrong as June 31 if you think any of these *cute* manifestations help you socially. The chances are they transform you into a bore, a sap, or a nuisance. So for heaven's sake learn to recognize your particular weakness, and stop all drinking the very instant you feel it coming on.

Any doctor will give you a convincing talk on the common-sense need of eating solid food when you take drinks. On an empty stomach the alcohol gets into your blood stream right away, making you much too tipsy much too quick. Liquor is certainly fattening, yet you never can afford to skimp your victuals unless you stay strictly on the water wagon. A girl on any kind of a slimming diet must cut out all liquor.

At cocktail parties grab the larger, more substantial canapés. Before a wet evening party feed yourself roast or broiled meats in preference to creamy dishes. Eat hot food rather than cold. During the evening tuck away at least one good solid sandwich of meat or cheese to make the drinks behave. If possible, finish the night with a sizzling plate of bacon and eggs or wheat cakes and sausages.

Not so, however, when you drink champagne. With champagne, water is more beneficial than food. The first time you try champagne, limit yourself to less than one full glass, then top it off immediately with a glass of vichy, mineral water, or even ordinary faucet water. Drink water in equal quantity, glass for glass, with the champagne you take. The same procedure is a smart one to follow when imbibing any wine, white or red, bubbly or still.

Almost as soon as a girl sips her maiden cocktail, she will begin hearing wonderful theories about how to keep sober while drinking. She'll be told it is safer to drink hard liquor with plain water than with fizz water; experts will urge her to swallow a spoonful of olive oil before going to a party; veterans will impart the precious secret of drinking as much as you please after downing a few raw eggs. Sorry as I am to disillusion the poor girl, I must recommend that she let all voodoo advice of this kind trickle in through one ear, then right out through the other.

When you take too many drinks you get tight, and that's all there is to it. There are no preventive miracles in the chemistry of inebriation. Every girl who takes a drink ought to realize from the start that moderation is her only safeguard.

In this day and age it scarcely seems necessary to warn girls against drinking with strangers. Beware also of drinking with people who brag about their dissipations, making a mere casual frolic sound in retrospect like an unholy debauch—they may drag you into their story, to the undeserved injury of your reputation. And *don't* drink with drunks! They land you in brawls, auto smashups, police-court scandals—often with an order of black eyes and bad publicity for all concerned.

Drinking too much with your girl friends can be nearly as dangerous, in a different way. I know girls who have lost swell jobs as private secretaries because they gave away office secrets while quaffing cocktails with girls employed by rival firms.

A girl who works in an office must be careful, too, about arriving late in the morning with a hang-over. A man may do it and possibly get away with it. But a girl must always turn up as bright as a daisy, even though she may have been out on a party the night before with some of her boss's choicest business contacts.

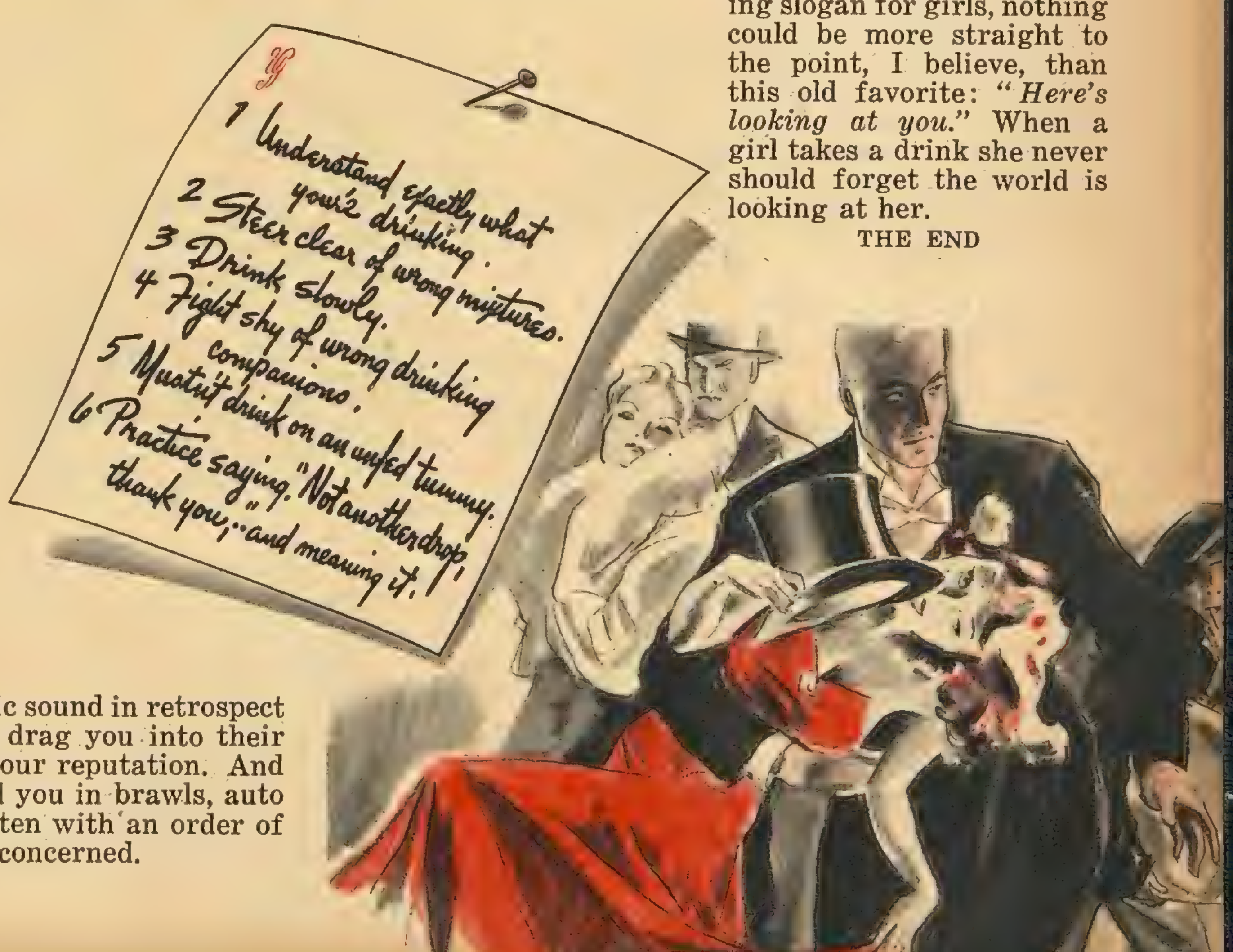
Unfair or not, it would nevertheless be wise, I think, for girls who work to accept the reality that one drinking standard exists for men and another drinking standard for women.

Along with this viewpoint it will be well for us to remember that good looks and a tranquil temperament are infinitely more essential to a girl's success than to a man's. And, since no woman's nerves or figure or complexion can long survive much drink—since we never, never can preserve our beauty or our charm in alcohol—maybe the double drinking standard isn't as unfair as it seems when we really think it out.

For that matter, *thinking it out* appears to me to be the answer to every angle of our feminine drinking problem. Think before you drink—then keep on thinking!

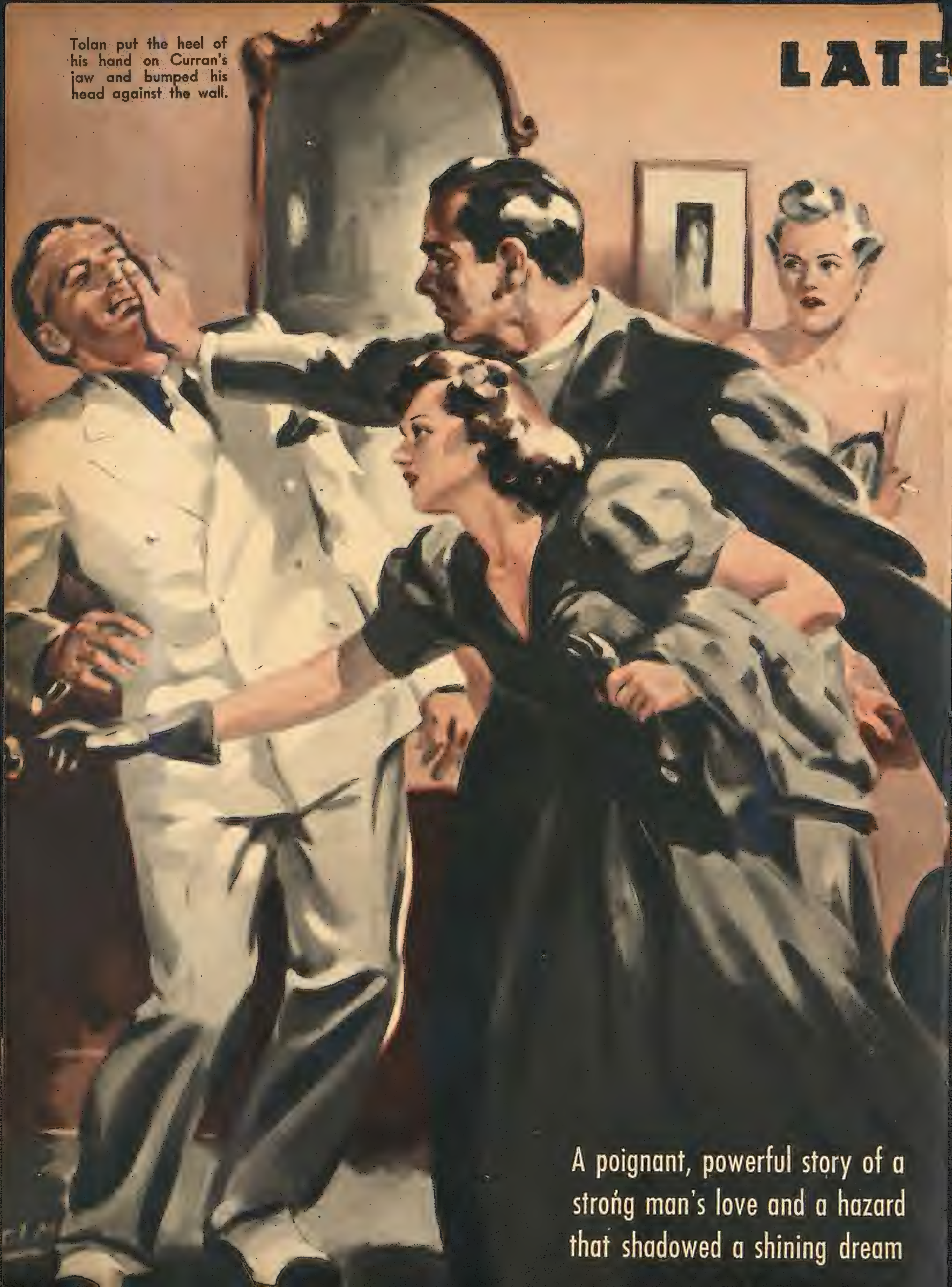
Whatever be the company, the time, or the place, a smart girl's drink will always consist of one part liquor to three parts caution, with a dash of sociability and a good big lump of self-respect. As a toast or drinking slogan for girls, nothing could be more straight to the point, I believe, than this old favorite: *"Here's looking at you."* When a girl takes a drink she never should forget the world is looking at her.

THE END



1 Understand exactly what you're drinking.
2 Steer clear of wrong mixtures.
3 Drink slowly.
4 Fight shy of wrong drinking companions.
5 Mustn't drink on an unfed tummy.
6 Practice saying, "Not another drop, thank you," and meaning it!

LATE



Tolan put the heel of his hand on Curran's jaw and bumped his head against the wall.

A poignant, powerful story of a strong man's love and a hazard that shadowed a shining dream

SUMMER SONG

BY MAX BRAND

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY TRUN MOWICKE

SUPPOSE you are three hundred feet above that pavement. Suppose you are a backer-up, or buckeroo, for the riveter and you are walking along on a beam and leaning out into the wind, and balancing yourself with the dolly bar. Suppose the wind lets up, quick, like a wall pulled away from you, and you paw at the air for half a second, fighting for balance, and then drop. Suppose you see the big riveter jump up from the pillar and come for you, and, as you drop through blue nothing, a hand reaches you; it grabs you, hip-high, by flesh and clothes. Your overalls tear and jerk up under the armpits, but your fall is stopped. You swing in. You grab the beam below with arms and legs. You close your eyes and hold on, but that wind of death still seems to be blowing in your face. Then you would say: "He reached me and he caught me with one hand, and he held me. And, I'd die for *him!* I'd die for Jimmy Tolan!"

At least, that's what Harry Loftus said to himself as he hugged that beam. Then Jimmy Tolan was there in front of him, saying: "Come on, Harry. We're going right on with the job."

Harry said: "No. I'm going down to the street. I'm going to take the rest of the day off."

"You come right back on the job now. Otherwise you'll have the shakes in you every time you get up high."

The gentleness of Tolan's big voice made Harry obey. First he crawled along the beam on hands and knees, trembling. His knees were like water when he stood up beside the pillar, but the hand of Tolan and his deep, steady-flowing voice poured the strength back into him.

"The boys will see you've got it in you," Tolan said.

A little later he was at work again. When five o'clock came, with Tolan, Harry Loftus rode the ball down to the street, and when he got there everybody looked at him. Old Jack McKinney, the superintendent of the job, said: "He's got it. That's all. He's got it!"

And from that instant forward, Harry Loftus began to wonder how he could do good for Tolan.

Tolan wasn't too big to get through a door and he wasn't so bright that he shone in the dark; but somehow you thought of him in acres and horsepower, not in pounds and inches; and who cared how far he'd gone in arithmetic when he was walking the beams five hundred feet above the street? Iron is mean stuff. It has teeth and bites chunks out of you. But in the hands of Jimmy Tolan it became light and soft and kind, like wood. He had a smile that got him in on all the parties. Jimmy Tolan drifted all over the country, like the rest of them, but the day after he hit a town he was sure to be at work.

BUT there was a secret in his life. He was saving money! For years he used to send a third of his pay checks home. When home came to an end, the habit of taking out the third persisted, except that now he mailed it to a New York savings bank. He had a thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, five thousand saved up, and it was sort of easy. He still could go to the parties, and when the other fellows were broke he still had the money for a couple of shots all round. Perhaps that was because he avoided the crap games and also he was not silly about girls. He never started a party but he was a good one to stay along. If trouble started, the boys could count on the big hands of Jimmy to stop it.

One night he was in a barroom corner, having his beers while the other boys had their shots, when Tommy Meigs said: "I'll tell you where Jimmy has the edge. He don't waste himself on women. You never were all burned up about a girl in your life, Jim, were you?"

"Maybe not," said Tolan, smiling.

At this, Harry Loftus saw his opening. He knew then what he could do for Tolan.

You see, Harry was three steps above the rest of the ironworkers when it came to the girls. Harry had a line. Now he hurried to the telephone. He said: "Sally, I've got the greatest guy in the world along with me, and—"

"Bring him along," said Sally.

"He doesn't get on with the girls," said Harry. "I want you to mean something to him, Sally."

"Sure," said Sally. "That's easy. Generally I mean too much."

Harry went back to the table. "We're going places," he said.

"This place is all right," said Tolan.

"But I've already told 'em that you'd come," said Harry. "You wouldn't let me down, would you?"

Jimmy Tolan never let any one down, so he went along, and after a while they were in a big party in quite a ritzy apartment and Tolan heard Loftus say: "Take him, Sally!" And then Tolan was looking at a pretty girl. She wasted no time on Jimmy. She said: "I never could find my way in this kind of a fog. Besides, my biggest boy friend is showing up later on. But this one would be soup for a girl I know."

"Go and get the girl, will you?" asked Loftus.

"She wouldn't come to this kind of a party," said Sally; "but I'll try."

"I'm going home, I guess," said Jimmy Tolan.

"Wait a minute. I'm going with you," said Loftus.

So Tolan waited. After a while somebody said: "Here! Here's something I want you to watch for me, Jimmy. Take care of it, will you?"

THEY always were doing that—giving him their money when they felt themselves getting tight and all that; but when he put out his hand to take this trust he found himself holding the hand of a girl. She had a brown, still face and she did not look like anything very much. It was Sally who gave her hand to big Tolan, saying: "It's O. K., Kate. I know all about this Tolan. Everybody leaves things with him to be taken care of. Sit down there for a minute."

Jimmy moved his chair over. He asked what she would drink.

"Ginger ale and lemon juice," said Kate. "Why are they all looking at us and laughing?"

"They always laugh when they see me with a girl. I can't seem to talk to girls."

She looked up. Her eyes were green. They had no secondary meanings in them. They read the American face of Tolan from left to right and then from right to left.

"But I'd talk to *you* if I could," said Tolan. "Tell me what you like."

"I like the country," answered Kate.

"I've seen a lot of country—from trains," said Tolan. "You like picnics and things. Is that it?"

"I like plowed ground, and cows, and things growing."

"What are you going to do about it?" he asked.

"I'm going to marry a farmer if ever I can find one that makes sense," she answered.

"I'm not a farmer, but I'd like to see you again. And I guess that doesn't make much sense anyway."

She looked straight at him and into him, opening doors.

"It could make a sort of a sense," she answered.

"It's this way," he said: "Now and then I feel something but I can't say it. Would you let me be seeing you some time?"

She said that might be done, and then he got out a chunk of pencil and wrote down her name and address.

That girl Sally said: "Didn't she knock you for a row of loops, big boy?"

He said: "No, I'm not dizzy. It's more like homesickness—I don't know for what."

They all laughed again, heartily.

"Do you mind them laughing at us?" he asked Kate.

She looked at him. "No, not a whole lot."

Then Sally's "biggest boy friend" came in. Somebody behind Tolan whispered: "It's Charlie Curran . . . it's that murdering dope, Chinatown Charlie!"

The name rang small bells in Tolan's mind, but all he could be sure of was that he knew the police wanted Chinatown Charlie for racket murders and for robbery. Charlie looked white, as though he had been years in the dark, and yet it wasn't an unhealthy white but a pale, glistening, supernormal vitality. He was pounds bigger than Tolan, but instead of the ironworker's shamble, he stepped small and quick, like a cat.

A lot of the people there knew this man. He greeted them while his bright, quick eyes X-rayed the room.

"He's nutty about Sally," some one murmured, "or he wouldn't walk into a jam like this for her sake."

SHE *was* a dazzler. She was one of those long, slim numbers with a high-price tag on her. She had vivid hair, brilliantined to crystal points of brightness here and there. She welcomed Charlie Curran with a quietly proud excitement, fluffing her hair with one hand and holding a cigarette in the other.

"I want to go. I've got to go," said Kate.

Tolan looked down at her.

"I'm a little sick," she whispered.

He started her out of the room, holding her arm.

"I have to go, Sally," said Kate, as they passed the hostess.

Curran held out a long arm and blocked the doorway.

"Nobody has to go until I've looked everybody over," he said. He laughed. "Sit down, big boy. . . . Who's the big boy? Some one's cousin?"

Tolan took the extended left arm at the wrist and pushed it gently down to clear the doorway.

"All right, Kate," he said.

"Take your hand off me!" said Curran.

He hooked a nice short right over the shoulder of Tolan and bounced it on his chin. It was a broad chin, cushioned hard with muscle. Tolan put the heel of his hand on Curran's forehead and bumped his head against the wall. Curran spilled to his knees. He had brains enough to pull a gun but not enough strength to hold it. Tolan plucked it away from the nerveless fingers.

"Maybe I ought to do something about you," said Tolan. "Maybe I ought to pass you over to the cops . . . but I suppose I'm only a guest at the party."

He picked up Curran by the coat collar and stood him on uncertain feet.

"I'll take this along, if you don't mind," continued Tolan, and dropped the gun in his pocket.

"You don't mind, do you, Charlie?" asked the sharp clear voice of a girl.

That was Sally. Charlie stood with his hand against the back of his head.

"No, he doesn't mind what you take away with you, Jimmy," said Sally. She held the cigarette high. "Are you sure you've got everything you want from him, Jimmy?" she continued. "Haven't you got room for me in your pocket or under your arm? Charlie wouldn't care."

Charlie was leaning against the wall, silent, his eyes on the floor, and Tolan found himself drawn through the open door by Kate. He took her straight home. Once or twice she drew a quick, shuddering breath. When they came to her apartment house she held his hand tightly a moment and said: "Thank you! Thank you!" in a desperate whisper.

In the morning, instead of going to work, Tolan rode out to the end of the subway and walked north. His big shambling stride shifted the miles rapidly behind him. He got into lanes and twisting roads and finally he saw a sign that said: "For Sale, $4,580."

He walked in. The house was painted a nice clean white. It had an upstairs and a downstairs and a front porch. It had a shed for cows and things, with some hay still in the mow. He went inside and stood there, smelling the sweetness of the hay. Through cracks in the upper wall the sunshine fell through the golden dust. Then he went out and stood on the hill behind the house. There was a stream that ran around the side of the hill and made a pool in the hollow. The pool showed him the reflection of some birch trees. Everything was still. But after he had been standing there a while a soft voice rose from about his feet and melted into the warmth of the summer air. Tolan smiled, because now he knew what the girl saw and heard and tasted in the country. If it was all right for her, it was all right for him.

"You hold on to that place till I get the money," Tolan told the real-estate agent.

"I'd like to hold it for you," said the agent, "but people are coming along and snapping things up mighty fast. But if you can leave me a check for deposit . . ."

"I'm coming here Monday with the coin in my fist. Brother, don't you sell that place before Monday!"

That was Saturday afternoon, late. On Monday morning he was at the bank as soon as it opened. He drew out four thousand six hundred dollars and went to the address of Kate. She had a three-room flat with another girl. Kate was not there.

"I'll wait for her," said Tolan. So Tolan sat in a small living room for four hours. The roommate was a jolly girl with a nice round face, and she kept herself busy in the back rooms. She embarrassed him terribly with an offer of lunch but took pity on the agony in his red face and did not persist. So at last three o'clock came and Kate with it.

She had on a linen dress and she wore a hat with blue cornflowers in it and her hands were gloved. When she saw Tolan, he observed her growing an inch taller to master her astonishment.

"I wanted to show you something in the country," he explained, ruining his hat with the grasp of his hot left hand.

"But we didn't have an appointment," said Kate.

"I only thought you might like to see something I found in the country," said Tolan.

"Oh, did you?" asked Kate. He could feel her mind at a balance. Then, by miracle, the green of her eyes softened into blue. "That's terribly nice of you. So let's go and see it."

TOLAN did not say twenty words on the whole journey. He led her to the hill. He waited there until the summer song rose out of the grass, the burden carried by a myriad of little violins.

"You like it?" asked Tolan, and discovered that she was looking not at the scene but at him.

"I like it a lot," she said.

"The house has an upstairs and a downstairs and the agent says there's a cellar under it," Tolan pointed out. "The porch would be kind of cool for sitting in the evening. And you could keep cows and things in the shed."

She walked around the house and peeked in.

"It's got the old, old floors," she said, and then: "I never saw such a fireplace! Look! That used to be the old kitchen!"

"Think of that!" agreed Tolan.

"It's the loveliest, loveliest, loveliest house in the world!" she told him. "How did you know what I'd like the most in the whole *world?*"

"Well, you can have it," said Tolan. "Look—it's yours. I'm giving it to you!"

"Jimmy, are you asking me to marry you?" she said, looking beyond him to the pool, where the white of the birches was slipping into the water.

He could not answer. She slipped an arm through his. "Is that what you're asking me to do?" she repeated.

"You wouldn't have to have me along with the place. If you took it, it would only start me hoping."

"Would it?" asked the girl, and she laughed.

"You say the word and I go right now and buy this place," said Tolan. He took the envelope out of his pocket.

"Jimmy, Jimmy, *Jimmy!*" she gasped. "How could you save up five thousand honest dollars?"

"I got the habit by sending money home, and then I just kept on," he answered. " Are you saying the word? . . . It's only the house. It's not me."

" I'm saying the word," she replied.

But the real-estate agent had closed his office for the day. They went back on the train, with Tolan very anxious; but the girl, never looking at him, leaned her head back and smiled at a beautiful dream. He picked up her hand as it lay beside her. She took the hand away, but after she had pulled off the glove she gave it back again, and to Tolan this was the greatest of all surrenders. He had loved her with fear before. Suddenly he loved her with pity. There was no resistance in that hand. At last she sighed.

" I was as far as the windows," she said, " and I can't decide. Do you like long curtains or short ones, Jimmy? "

At her door, when she said good night to him, there was a certain hesitation in her manner that set him brooding afterward until he reached the solution. He could have kissed her. He could have taken her in his arms and kissed her!

Then he walked the streets of Manhattan where the only summer song is the tearing sound of tires on the pavements and the whirring of motors. He looked up at the lighted cells where the millions are hived, each on its deadly level. How can there be a home unless there are stairs to climb?

In the morning he called the real-estate agent and bought the house. Then he called the girl, and all he could say was: " How are you? Are you all right? Is everything all right? "

Everything was. It was heavenly that the house really belonged to him; and it would be swell to have lunch with him.

He went from the telephone to his room three steps at a time, and after wetting his hair he was brushing the stiffness of it into shape when a tap came at his door. Before he could reach it, two middle-sized, middle-aged men in identical brown suits walked with deliberation into the room. They did not take off their hats. One walked to one wall and one to the other.

The fellow at the left said: " I'm O'Brien and that's Selvaggio. . . . We'll show you our badges if you want to see 'em. . . . Tolan, you want to talk here or in jail? "

" Get on with it," said Tolan.

" Where did you get the five grand in the bank? " asked O'Brien.

" I saved it," said Tolan.

" He saved it," said O'Brien and looked at Selvaggio.

" Sure. He just saved it," replied Selvaggio.

Tolan knew one thing: When the cops go after you, it doesn't matter whether you are innocent or not. They get you anyway.

He looked out the window and across the street at the high ridge of buildings that shut out most of the sky, a wall of unhappiness between him and the hill, the house, the pool, and the white-standing birches. It was a dream in which Kate also was dissolving.

" Why did you pull out that money? " asked O'Brien.

" For a farm. I wanted to get a house and a farm," said Tolan.

" Every ironworker oughta have a farm," said Selvaggio with infinite sarcasm.

Tolan did not expect them to believe him.

" You never knew this guy Curran before? " asked O'Brien.

" No," said Tolan.

" Listen, kid," snapped O'Brien. " You ganged up with Mickie the Click. Come clean before we take you to the cleaner's."

" I didn't gang up with Mickie the Click," said Tolan.

" Maybe you never even *saw* Curran before? "

" No, I never saw him."

" You're with the Click," said O'Brien, " and when you bopped Curran you didn't finish him because you were afraid of what his boy friends had on Mickie. Come clean."

" I didn't sock Curran," said Tolan. " He tried to hold my girl—I mean, there was a girl with me and he tried to keep her when she needed the air. So I pulled his

YOU'RE KIDDING! A GIRL OF MY AGE COULDN'T GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
... BUT HOW WRONG SHE WAS
NO WONDER JIM KEEPS BREAKING DATES! YOU'VE LET YOUR COMPLEXION GET SO DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING. I'M SURE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE?
BUT I DON'T SEE HOW PALMOLIVE COULD MAKE SUCH A DIFFERENCE!
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL... A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
It wasn't long until...
OH, JIM—I'D LOVE TO GO! I'LL BE READY AT EIGHT!
THANKS, PALMOLIVE, FOR HELPING ME GET RID OF THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I'M TAKING NO MORE CHANCES! FROM NOW ON I'M USING ONLY PALMOLIVE, THE SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

hand down, and he hit me and then I bumped his head against the wall and he fell down."

"Is that all?"

Tolan remembered something suddenly. He went to the chest of drawers and pulled out the automatic. He handed it by the barrel to O'Brien.

"I had to take this away from him," said Tolan. "That seemed to make his girl pretty mad, but I thought it would be safer."

"Wait a minute! What girl?" exclaimed O'Brien.

"I don't know her name. She looked kind of high-priced."

The two detectives crowded in on him, drawn by a new interest.

"Were her eyebrows set up high on her head? Was she kind of a slick kid?" asked O'Brien.

"Yeah, she was that way," agreed Tolan.

"It was Sally," said O'Brien.

"Sure it was Sally," agreed Selvaggio. "He wouldn't have come out into the open for anything except Sally."

"Did she say anything to you?" asked O'Brien.

"No," said Tolan. "Nothing except kidding. She asked if I had everything I wanted. She asked if I didn't want to take her, too, in my pocket or under my arm, or something. . . . She was sour."

"Curran say anything to that?" asked O'Brien.

"No. He didn't say anything."

"All right," said O'Brien. "If that's how it goes, I guess we can be on our way, eh?"

"On our way? Sure—with him," said Selvaggio.

"Whatta we want with him?" snapped O'Brien. "So long, kid."

And they walked out as suddenly as they had come. Tolan closed the door which they had left open and then looked down at his wrists, on which the steel cuffs had not closed. He could not make sense of it.

He finished smoothing his hair and went to Kate. When she greeted him she looked up to him and he realized, with a sort of happy terror, that she belonged to him.

He took her over to Yorkville for lunch. He was so happy that he could not talk a great deal. She did the talking for him, furnishing the house, and making a gravel path over the hill, and putting a springboard by the pool, because she loved swimming.

"I'd like to see you swim," said Tolan; and then his face grew hot.

"Of course you'll see me swim," she answered. She smiled as she watched him. There was no green in her eyes at all. "Silly Jimmy, why are you blushing?" she asked, and then laughed a little.

"You know something?" asked Tolan. "A man ought to know a lot of men, but one girl ought to be the first and the last for him. Listen. You're the first and the last for me."

THEN he was paying his check and they were in a cab. Two or three times she looked through the rear window, and finally she said: "We were followed over to the restaurant. We're still being followed, Jimmy."

Tolan, glancing over his shoulder, saw in the cab right behind them the long, dark face of Selvaggio. They had turned him loose not for good but only the way a cat turns loose a mouse. It seemed to him that his clothes had turned, in that instant, to stripes. After a moment he was aware of her eyes on his face.

"The law's after you, Jimmy," she was saying. "Jimmy, Jimmy, what have you done?"

He said, stammering: "I haven't done anything. But the police think—I mean—"

"The money!" said Kate. "It *wasn't* honest! Jimmy, Jimmy, Jimmy, what did you do? Oh, Jimmy, why *did* you do it? I wouldn't have cared about money. We could have worked and waited and made everything come as straight as a string. . . ."

There was no use arguing or explaining that the money was clean. The law was reaching out its claws for him and the law would have him down in the dirt whenever it chose.

He was standing on the pavement at her home, helping her out of the cab, and she was hurrying past him through the entrance.

He went over to Barney Malone's saloon. He never could see Kate again. Perhaps he should have tried to hold her with his hands; but hands are worthless tools to use on such a thing as Kate.

He could stand the saloon no longer, and just outside the entrance he bumped into Harry Loftus. "Jimmy . . . I thought you'd cleared out of town." He grabbed Tolan and whispered: "Jimmy, you're crazy to stick around. Curran'll get you and gaff you. He'll never stand for what you done to him. Clear out! One of his mugs may be right around the corner now, and . . ."

Harry Loftus dropped his hands from Tolan and, backing up cautiously, struck the door of the saloon and vanished with his frightened face inside the place.

The air on the street was hot and thick. There was only one place in the world where it would be easy to breathe, and finally he went there. He knew that he was being followed. He knew it as he walked through Grand Central. But he would not turn and glance back. After that he sat with his eyes half closed and a desperate sense that the ghost of Kate sat beside him with one hand ungloved.

He got out to the house just after sunset. There was a big moon weltering up in the east out of the heat of the day and gradually cooling the sky.

HE stood by the porch for a long moment, listening. For in this happy place there was not a day song only; there was a night song also. Were they crickets or frogs or both that maintained the sweet sharp tremor in the air? The moon had risen entirely out of the golden dust of the day, and now, grown smaller and younger, it put out the nearer stars with a circle of pure brilliance. In this silver enchantment the world altered.

Something at this moment moved across the curve of the hill, growing now into the silhouette of a woman.

The ache that began in his heart stopped suddenly. He knew that it was Kate, and he also knew that she had gone with him step by step through all the sorrow of the afternoon, until she also had come to the one place in the world where the air was pure enough for breathing.

This fellow Jimmy Tolan was as big a man as you could find in a month of Sundays, but as he looked out there through the moon mist toward the girl, his knees went slack under him, and he reached out his hand even as he made his first step. That was when he heard Charlie Curran's voice behind him, saying:

"Reach for the sky, kid. And then turn around and talk it over a minute."

He pushed up his hands shoulder-high and turned. The shadow of the porch slanted down over Curran but the gun he held glimmered as though with a light of its own.

"I thought I'd have to give you a ride first, but you've given yourself your own ride," said Curran. "You've ridden so far that maybe it'll be a couple of days before Sally reads in the paper about how her big boy was found sleeping in the grass."

Tolan watched the gun with a queer impersonal interest.

"I thought it was the others who were tailing me," said Tolan.

"They were, brother," answered Curran, "but they slipped up on you tonight. . . . I'm the one that didn't slip. . . . The first time I laid eyes on that big buffalo front of yours, I knew just where I wanted to smash you in the mug. When Sally sees your picture, it's going to be red hash. It's going to be raw hamburger. . . . Let me see how big you're going to take it, will you?"

"I want to talk to you, Curran," said Tolan, and took a long, tentative step forward. The voice of Curran stopped him short, snapping: "You can't sneak up on me, punk. . . . I'm going to tell you one thing before I blow you down, though. It's this: You looked big to her. You thought she was cracking wise, but she half meant it. You could have taken her away under your arm. You could have put her in your pocket. . . . Maybe I ought to be grateful to you. You showed me how she could rat it on me!"

A fine essence of hate and grief came whining into his voice. He leaned a bit, hunching his head down and his shoulder up; and Tolan knew that the bullet was coming in the next half instant. That was why the voice that spoke from the corner of the house seemed to burst in his brain like an exploding gun, but as a matter of fact it was saying rather quietly: “O. K., Selvaggio.”

Curran jumped up on tiptoes, spinning about with the muzzle of the gun pointed to the sky, like a queer cut of a weather vane when an odd gust of wind hits it.

Another shadow had appeared near by, a squat shrub growing up into the head and shoulders of a man. “Drop it, Charlie. It's O'Brien right behind you.”

Selvaggio came stalking in with his gun held breast-high. Curran slunk back against the porch.

O'Brien, from the corner of the cottage, jumped up on the porch and closed in. At the sound behind him, Curran made a sound between the spitting of a cat and the snarl of a dog. He whirled about to shoot. If he had used good sense, he would have tried his gun on Selvaggio but some extra poison of hate made him veer toward O'Brien. A lunging gesture of Tolan, and the grip of the ironworker bit through flesh, bruising it against the bone. He took Curran by the wrist and shook the gun out of his hand. Curran gave up. A dim complaint was audible, whether he breathed in or out.

“Listen to him, Chris,” said O'Brien to Selvaggio. “He's gunna be a weeper. He's gunna be a howler. Keep your hands off him. Don't break up that case of eggs till we get it in the kitchen.”

HANDCUFFS clinked over the narrow wrists of Curran.

“You used the old bean, O'Brien,” said Selvaggio.

“Thanks,” said O'Brien. I knew if this punk had been showed up in front of his girl, he had to wipe out the big boy. . . . Charlie, it's been a long time, hasn't it? Come on, Charlie. We're going home.”

The cops took Curran by each arm. “We got a car parked down the road,” said O'Brien. “And, hey, Tolan, you're in the clear. You always were, so far as I was concerned, but you were fine cheese to put in the rattrap. We were only kidding about you and the Click. So long, big boy.”

They crossed the field toward the road, and Tolan passed around the corner of the porch with dread that the figure on the hill might have shimmered away into nothingness in the pale moonshine. But she was still there. A soft wind drew at her, and it brought to Tolan in waves the summer song that kept rising from the grass, but never so loudly that a mere thought could not hush it.

He moved toward Kate with careful feet, for he had a strange feeling that if she heard him before he was very close she would be away as lightly as the wind and vanish and leave him to the lonely rhythm of the song which droned from the grass and from the hollow.

THE END

“You Bet I'll Try it” said the thirsty Lion Hunter*

Imagine the thrill he's going to get with his first taste of Del Monte Pineapple Juice. Chasing lions—ppfft! Small potatoes, indeed! (He's just back from Africa, you know. It was deucedly hot and he has a terrible thirst in his gullet.)

But you know yourself—even if you're *not* actually parched—how gratefully, smoothly, Del Monte Pineapple Juice goes down. It gives you more downright refreshment per cubic centimeter than just about any drink your palate knows.

All because Del Monte Pineapple Juice comes from pedigreed “pines.” Gorgeous, big ones—gathered rich-ripe in sunny, tropical fields. Their juice packed just as is—pure, natural, unsweetened. Hence the matchless fresh flavor in every golden drop.

No wonder it's a “regular” at so many mealtimes! And remember—it's a grand and glorious mid-afternoon pick-up—on safari, when the girls come for cards and chatter, or when the boss's back is turned. Most *any* time. You'll be sure it's Del Monte Pineapple Juice, of course, and be sure it's the best!

***Naturally, he liked it. He believes the African lions (social) will like it too. That's why a tremendous shipment of it goes along, next expedition.**

It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice

To the Ladies

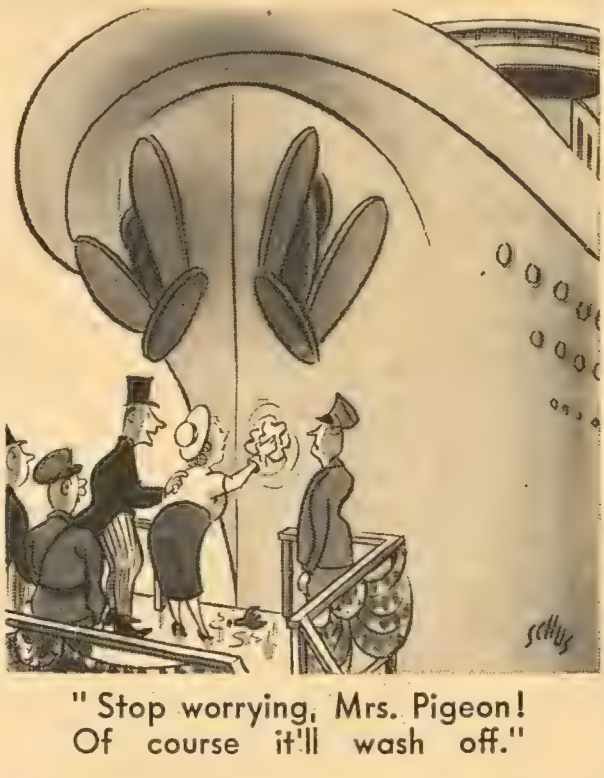
BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHAT is it like to be the wife of a professional humorist? Wondering about this, I asked Margaret Santry McEvoy, former radio and newspaper girl, who was married to J. P. McEvoy not quite two years ago. He's the Hollywood comedy writer, author of Dixie Dugan and other Liberty stories. . . . Margaret said, "He proposed to me between the acts of Tristan and Isolde at the San Francisco Opera House—then he took me to *Boulder Dam* for our honeymoon!"

Yes, she said, he laughs at his own jokes while he's writing them out—but she wouldn't tell whether or not he expects her to laugh too. Gave me some of his ideas regarding domestic life. . . . Babies are practically indestructible, he thinks, otherwise they would never survive all the fondling they get from their mothers. . . . He disapproves of dogs because they chase cats; disapproves of cats because they chase birds; disapproves of birds because they sing off key. . . . Raised on a farm, he hates chores and refuses to do any household tinkering, yet he can't break his farm-boy habit of getting up to start work early in the morning. . . . Does not believe that homemade pie is better than store pie. . . . Secretly enjoys wearing the striped pants and cutaway coat of formal afternoon attire. . . .



"Stop worrying, Mrs. Pigeon! Of course it'll wash off."

Humoring a humorist, as you can see, must be a complex wifely career. It takes speed also. Within a year after marrying J. P., Margaret McEvoy had become a mother, a stepmother, a godmother, and a stepgrandmother. . . . Never a dull moment!

☆ One of the strangest women in the Western world will soon be deprived of her extraordinary prestige. She is Madame ———.

A murderess, released after serving her sentence, for many years she has arranged, financed, and controlled the escape of prisoners from Devil's Island.

This year, on the last day of June, the French government officially abolished that notorious prison settlement in South America. Madame ——— is nearing seventy now. A friend of mine talked with her recently. She has no plans for the future.

☆ Adam and Eve sitting on a high-backed Victorian sofa, with a giraffe peeking down at them over the top. . . . Under a pear tree, a little girl with yellow pigtails, and a little boy climbing the fence with an apple in his hand. . . . What does it mean? You don't know and I don't know—and that is just the point. . . . There's a growing fad for miniature scenes such as these, executed in blown and colored glass. They were introduced to New York recently by Marianna von Allesch, caricature sculptress and glass designer. . . . She seldom is told the meaning of the very private mysteries that she is commissioned to do in ornamental glass. . . . That's the fun of it. . . . Having your own love stories crystallized for every one to guess at—but none to know, unless you care to tell.

☆ Fashion turns now to proletarianism; the *labor front* will be represented handsomely in our new autumn elegance. A face veil wired to look like a steelworker's mask will be one of the novelties of the coming season. Blue dresses, square of cut, with wide-apart white stitching, like overalls, will be another Socialistic style trend.

☆ Do you know about roast chicken stuffed with mushrooms and noodles? It is one of the great dishes of northern Italy. Call it *Piedmont chicken* in our language, and make it like this: . . . Rub the chicken all over with paprika and a little salt. Brush lightly with olive oil. For the stuffing, have ready 2 cups cold cooked noodles coarsely chopped. Simmer ½ pound mushrooms in 2 tablespoons butter. Remove mushrooms and fry ½ cup bread crumbs. Now combine noodles, mushrooms, and fried bread crumbs in the pan, adding 1 tablespoon butter, 1 chopped pimento, a pinch of thyme, and salt and pepper to taste. Stuff the chicken with this mixture, and roast in oven as usual. The gravy should be slightly thickened with flour, enriched with ½ cup cream, and *tuned up* with ½ teaspoon lemon juice to bring out all the flavors. . . . Best vegetable accompaniment is broccoli—cooked, drained, chopped, and baked in a buttered casserole with a generous sprinkling of Parmesan cheese.

☆ The *personalities* of women who appear in the Bible are studied from the modern viewpoint in Mary Hallet's interesting new book, Their Names Remain. (Published by the Abingdon Press.)

☆ Letter from the wife of a Los Angeles merchant, telling how vital things can be gauged by the market for lodge pins and alarm clocks. She says: . . . "In hard times men try to rent lodge emblems by the day, to wear when they ask brother members for jobs. . . . New members buy big lodge buttons; older members buy several small buttons—one for each suit. . . . Any pickup in the sale of emblems for Masonic lodges, Elks, Eastern Star, and Shriners is a pretty sure sign of improving business conditions. . . . The same is true of alarm clocks. We always sell more alarm clocks as soon as jobs are easier to get. . . . And alarm clocks sell better on rainy days than on clear days. That's because the patter of the rain often keeps people awake at night, making them oversleep in the morning. Next day—after they've been late for work—they buy an alarm clock."

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT MAKES AN AMERICAN?

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

For liberals with common sense! A look at what Labor Day can mean—Are we, in 1938, in danger of forgetting the past?

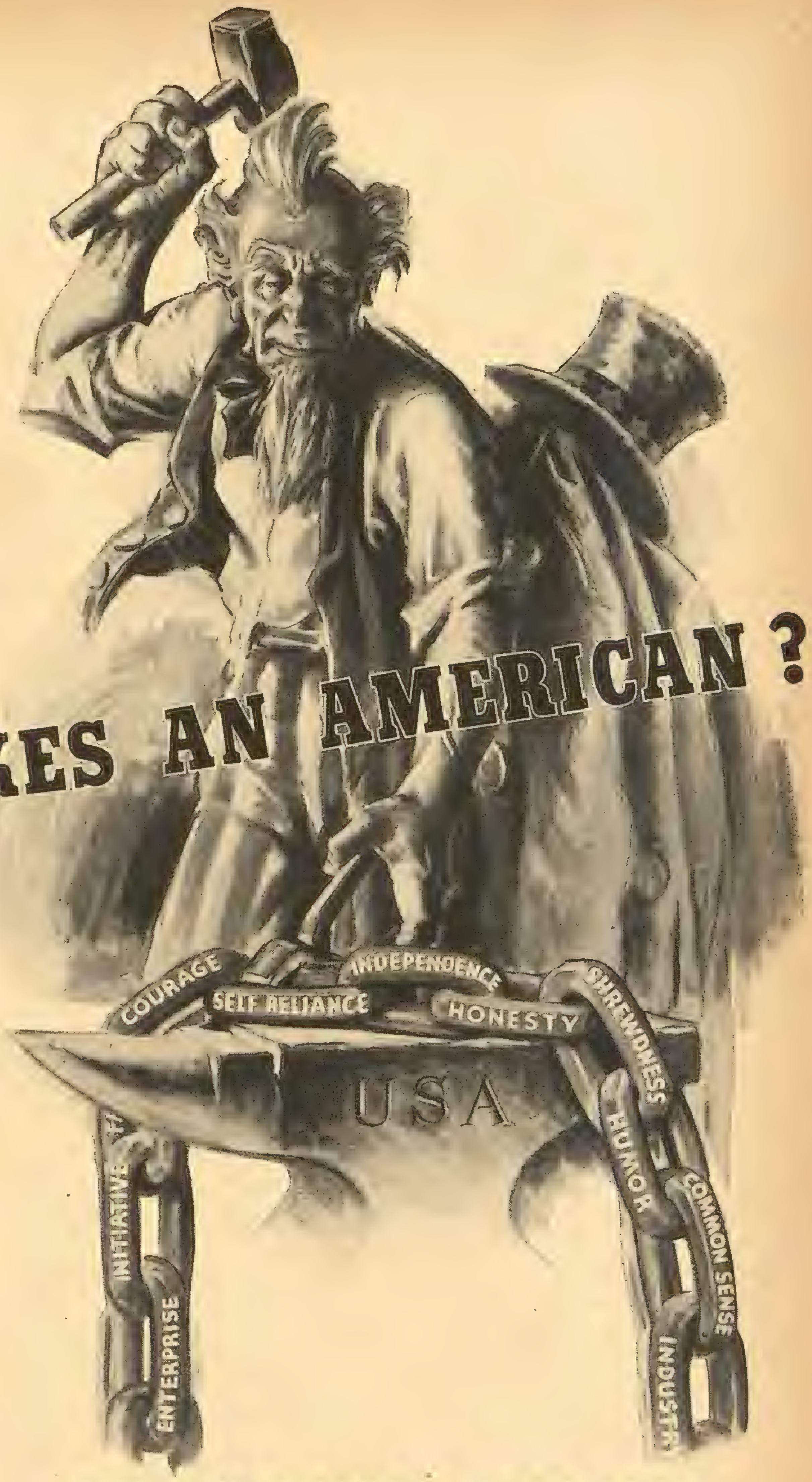
THEORETICALLY, Labor Day is the workingman's Fourth of July. We are reminded of the rights of the toiler, as we should be; but many of us forget that toilers, as such, are not a separate class in America, where we are all toilers.

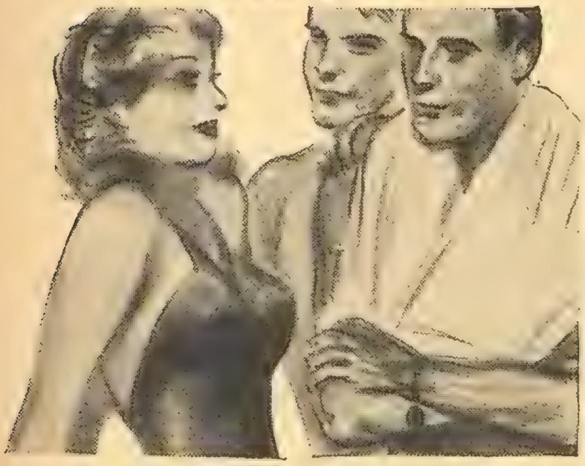
More and more of late we seem to have forgotten that we are all Americans; that, though we may be the offspring of different races and nations, or profess different faiths, or belong to different groups, there is—or should be—a distinctive quality that we have in common. That quality is of the essence of our variety, and of the common qualities, ideals, and purposes that brought us into one country and made us one people. We are—or should be—countless strands bound into a cable whose unity is its strength.

What is an American?

An American is a man or woman who came to this land, or whose forebears came, in the hope that here, being of different races and faiths, they might still dwell together in freedom and friendship and happiness. Of all classes, they came where there was to be no class consciousness, but where wealth and dignity were to be won only by labor. They came in search of equal opportunity—not of equality whatever their response to opportunity, which was the fixity from which they fled. So that I think perhaps the hallmark of an American is that he was born of the kind of men and women who wanted opportunity so much that they uprooted themselves and faced privation and danger to find it. Men and women who wanted all those opportunities that today we are in danger of forgetting.

An American may be a Jew or a Christian, or neither. He may wear blue denim or blue serge or broadcloth. He may work with his hands or with his head, or with what he has already produced with hands or head. Was Abraham Lincoln more or less an American when he split rails in Illinois than when, as the Great Emancipator, he dedicated this nation to a new birth of freedom "that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth"? Is the harvest hand wresting sustenance from the earth more or less an American than Cyrus McCormick, that stalwart Virginian who invented the harvester; or Ralph Waldo Emerson, the rawboned Yankee who wrote more common sense than almost any other one man on the globe? Was that farm lad





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If you'd like to help change your dull, drab life into a more happy, thrilling existence—if you'd like to be more sought after and admired by men, consider this:

It's the girl bubbling over with vivacious pep and ginger who attracts men. Men can't stand cranky, ailing women.

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CLASSES BEGIN SEPT. 12, 1938

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Please send me detailed information regarding your Boarding School for Children. I may be interested in enrolling my child aged........for the Fall Term.

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Address..
City..........................State.........

who stoked Midwestern furnaces more or less an American when he became the millionaire who has covered our fields with tractors and our highways with cars; or that Ohio newsboy more or less an American when he electric-lighted the world?

Is not our blood and our breed still that of the men who went to sea from New Bedford or Gloucester, who crossed the plains to Nebraska or California, and who died at Bunker Hill or Bull Run or in the Alamo? What is American must be as indigenous as corn bread, as rugged as the Grand Canyon, as thrusting and penetrating and pioneer as the waters of the Mississippi. It has shrewdness and honesty, humor, common sense, courage, initiative, industry, enterprise, self-reliance, and independence. I don't think you can teach it the goose step, or cramp it into any of the new "isms," or even pigeonhole it as being of this class or that creed.

The typical American lives on a farm or a ranch, in a town or village, suburb or metropolis, anywhere between Eastport, Maine, and Capetown, California. His home is a trim cottage or a walk-up flat or a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year apartment in Park Avenue. Mr. America may be a shopkeeper, or a dock laborer, or a country doctor, or a city clerk, or a mechanic, or the president of a bank. Whatever he does, he does with everything in him. He doesn't care a continental how many hours he works, nor how hard, so long as he sees himself getting ahead, and he doesn't want any one to interfere with his liberty of conscience, conduct, and self-dependence. If he is a bookkeeper, he expects to be general manager some time; and if he is chairman of the board, the chances are that he began as an office boy or an iron puddler, and paid his own way through college, if he went through. Whatever his income, he lives well within it, and puts by the rest for a rainy day. When the rain continues, he shuts his teeth, tightens his belt, and digs in, but he doesn't ask help from any one, nor take it while there is another possibility in the universe.

Mrs. America does the cooking and even the washing, makes the beds and gets the youngsters ready for school; or she pays others for performing these tasks and concerns herself with being informed, doing her bit for charity and in civic and national affairs, and keeping her husband and the children up to scratch. She believes in them, and they in her, and all of them in God, justice, honor, frugality, independence, and the right of any man to do whatever he pleases so long as it interferes with the rights and the happiness of no other man. Mr. and Mrs. America will endure long and with a jest on their lips—but when the time comes, they are still willing to fight and die for their faith, for their rights, and for God and a free nation.

For what is American always has been and we may hope always will be a state of mind. It is a hunger for the right to be yourself, to labor and keep the reward of labor, to live and let live. We are of all races and classes and creeds, but with one fusing faith—that each of us is the center of his own universe, master of his fate and captain of his soul. Ours is an America that millions of us still believe will never sell its birthright for pottage or bend to the yoke—however flower-decked—its escape from which is the explanation of its existence.

THE END

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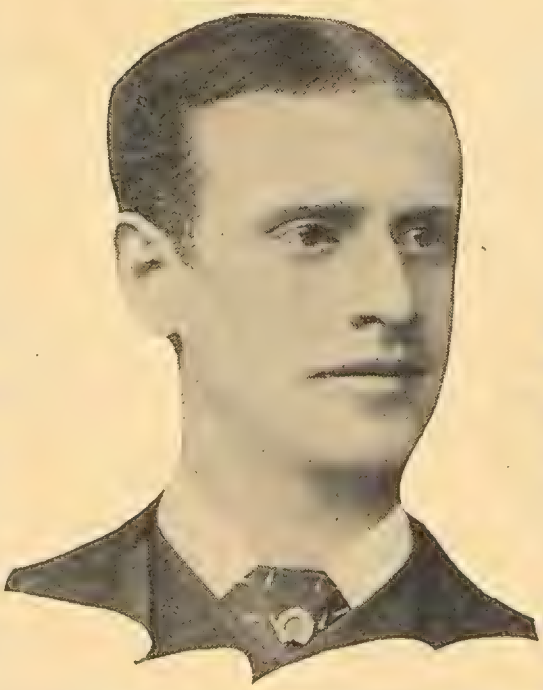
20 QUESTIONS



1—Remember the actor in the early photo on this page? Born in Boston in 1857, his middle name was Carl, and he went to the altar without a halter. If old enough, perhaps you saw him in The Rivals, Oliver Twist, and/or Never Say Die. He died in 1919. Who?

2—Badminton used to be called what?

3—Whose head displaces that of the Indian on the new U. S. nickel?

4—Which was Owen Wister's best-known book?

5—A debutante, presented to society, should have attained what age?

6—Is it the A. A. A., the T. P. A., or the A. M. A. that's most concerned with the Hippocratic oath?

7—Who composed the opera, Natoma?

8—What was the first European book to be printed with movable type?

9—If William Tatem Tilden III was known as Big Bill, who was Little Bill?

10—Menton, Cannes, and San Remo are resorts along the what?

11—Who invented the magnifying glass, forerunner of eyeglasses?

12—Was Cleopatra "a married woman"?

13—If the leaves of poison ivy are red in the spring, what color are they in the fall?

14—Hollywood Whoopee, Mixed Grill, and Baby in the Hat are all names of what?

15—Who founded the Society of Friends?

16—Which stabilizer is extensively used by the ice-cream industry to promote smoothness and retard melting?

17—Who buys the bridegroom's ring when a double service is employed?

18—Which band offers Music of Tomorrow? Tinkling Tempo? Rippling Rhythm?

19—Can a nautilus live in water?

20—Who was Victor McLaglen's rival in What Price Glory?

(*Answers will be found on page 52*)

Mr. Taylor Mows Them Down

Tragedy lurks in his lethal fist in his No. 2 he-man picture, a vivid, heartless, and finely acted saga of the prize ring

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

THE CROWD ROARS

★ ★ ★

THE PLAYERS: Robert Taylor, Edward Arnold, Frank Morgan, Maureen O'Sullivan, William Gargan, Lionel Stander, Jane Wyman, Nat Pendleton, Charles D. Brown, Gene Reynolds, Donald Barry, Donald Douglas, Isabel Jewell, J. Farrell MacDonald. Screen play by Thomas Lennon, George Bruce, and George Oppenheimer from a story by Mr. Bruce. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 87 minutes.

THE latest attempt to make Robert Taylor into a film he-man. Recently the New York reporters kidded Taylor as a pretty boy. The repercussions shook America as nothing since the depression.

Here Taylor is a handsome pug. Like most Hollywood yarns of the prize ring, this is peopled with gamblers, gangsters, punch-drunk derelicts, hard-boiled sports writers, and all the odd gentry associated with the cauliflower industry. Maybe this is an accurate picture, as far as it goes, of an odd and tangy stratum of our so-called civilized life.

Tommy McCoy is the protégé of a likable young fighter, in time grows to be a promising light-heavyweight. Then he has to fight the very man who befriended him in order to get ahead—and kills him with a freak punch.

What will Tommy do with himself now that a friend's blood stains his gloves?

The story is worked out dramatically and colorfully. Taylor grows in ability to act and suggests fairly completely the ambitious young fighter. There are superb bits—by Frank Morgan as Tommy's drunken, disreputable father; by Edward Arnold as a racketeer; by William Gargan as the pugilist who befriends Tommy; by Lionel Stander as a tough trainer; and—here unforgettably—by Isabel Jewell in a touching bit as the dead fighter's wife. And young Gene Reynolds is excellent as the adolescent Tommy McCoy.

Vivid, heartless, cruel—and very well done. Plus Robert Taylor in prize-ring trunks.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Robert (Pug) Taylor in The Crowd Roars.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is No. 2 pic in campaign to make a screen he-man out of Rob Taylor. Lastie was A Yank at Oxford. To grow hair on the Taylor chest, make male public respect him, and to avoid danger of his being laughed off screen for superprettiness, ever since Camille studio has had Taylor exercising madly for six or seven hours a day at handball, tennis, riding, roadwork, swimming, rowing, and of course boxing. For this part Taylor gave up his morning workout with his horses, went into strict ring training for 14 days 7 hours a day at his Northridge Ranch, San Fernando Valley. Under management of Trainer Johnny (ex-pug) Indresano, Taylor perfected a Sunday punch, footwork, and ring wisdom. Sparring partners McAvoy and Perroni pushed Taylor around somewhat but had to be careful not to smack Taylor in his meal-ticket profile. Weighing but 155 for his first screen test a few years ago and considered too skinny to push a screen queen around, Taylor entered screen ring for this part at the fighting and loving weight of 174. As a kid, Taylor lost all his bouts, had his lovely nose rubbed in plenty of dirt. Though many truculent male non-fans offer to fight him via fan mail, Taylor's had no one-punch nitespot fights on record, is a pretty peaceful guy. . . . Last time Frank Morgan and Eddie Arnold worked together was in 1915, when they stocked in Richmond, Va., had to wear cowboy costumes and ride haybags up and down streets to advertise shows. Arnold, born Schneider, had harder time getting going, hit higher ceilings, made $75,000 a pic for a time, pulled his fambly out of comfort into luxury. Since then Arnold's fallen off somewhat, is now featured rather than starred, gets only about $40,000 a picture. . . . Lionel Stander is something of a boxer himself, picked up the art around poolrooms, where he also became a great Kelly expert. Stander's Hollywood's most liberal actor who means it. He used to be Fred Allen's jack-of-all-parts, has about 300 or 400 varying roles to his credit, excepting handsome dog parts, he being utterly non-such. He's twice married, a $1,000-a-week man. . . . The Brooklyn Irish Terror Will Gargan won boyish medals for elocution, was a private detective who guarded jewel messengers, debutted as a Hawaiian singer in the scant-clad Aloma of the South Seas, became a stage socialite, then a movie scamp, cop, D. A., banker, fighter, and other such. Took 3 inches off his waistline and added it to his chest for this part, losing 16 lbs. . . . Originally called Give and Take, fight-crowd noise on sound track of first few hundred feet of this inspired new title. None of the authors know how to fight. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan and husb John Farrow are getting uffly social. . . . Gosh, I wonder if I couldn't lick Robert Taylor myself! I've had four one-punch fights, lost one, drew two, and won one!

A DESPERATE ADVENTURE

★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: Ramon Novarro, Marian Marsh, Margaret Tallichet, Eric Blore, Andrew Tombes, Tom Rutherfurd, Maurice Cass, Ernst Verebes, Michael Kent, Cliff Nazarro, Rolfe Sedan, Gloria Rich, Lois Collier. Screen play by Barry Trivers from a story by Hans Kraly and M. Coates Webster. Directed by John H. Auer. Produced by Republic. Running time, 65 minutes.

A PICTURE that does not live up to its promises. Ramon Novarro is a graceful, charming, romantic actor with qualities that are rare to the screen.

The story was created by Hans Kraly, who once did those deft Lubitsch screen fables of liaisons in the Monte Carlo moonlight. The combination sounded ★ ★ ★ ★

Novarro plays a young Parisian artist who paints the girl of his dreams and then finds her exact counterpart at an artists' ball. She turns out to be an American girl, spoiled daughter of a tin-can king. He thinks he has lost his heart to his dream girl, completely missing the sincere love of her younger sister.

Novarro is deft and pleasing as the artist, while Margaret Tallichet well-nigh steals the film as the sister. This ex-typist discovered by Carole Lombard is going places. She has the magic of which stars are made. Marian Marsh is pretty enough but phlegmatic as the dream girl, and there is too much of Eric Blore as our hero's valet.

Please, Mr. Republic, give Novarro a real role.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ramon Novarro, otherwise José Gil Samaniegoes, made his comeback recently in The Sheik Steps Out. Picture was quite successful, may have inspired reissuing of Valentino's Sheik. Novarro's of Durango, Mexico, one of ten children. Novarro was discovered for screen by Rex Ingram, who took him out of a dance pantomime, shoved him in Rupert's part in Prisoner of Zenda, sent Novarro to the glorious heights. He survived sound, but in 1935 asked for a cancellation of his M-G-M contract because he was tired and unhappy and his stories sounded that way too. Toured world on a concert tour to get Hollywood out of his system, did pretty well, returned to Hollywood to climb back into the harness from which there is no escape. Novarro's never married, has devoted his life to his family, has watched them grow happy and contented, has often been mentioned for the priesthood. . . . Margaret Tallichet is dark-haired, wide-eyed, South'n-drawly, was born a Cinderella in Dallas, a town in Texas. She was society reporter for Dallas papers, but society running out there, she went on to Hollywood, became a stonewallflower posing against a typewriter waiting for Lady Opportunity Lombard to come along. She's unmarried, a really smart, able, and amusing girl, who gets a kick out of being lauded

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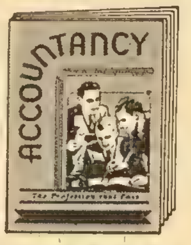

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A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

around, knows she'll get the main chance—Gone with the Wind—yet. . . . Eric Blore was born on December 23, never gets any Christmas presents, is terribly saddened by fact. He won't have a butler in real life, they make him nervous; is probably the world's highest paid butler himself. He likes to golf, swim, tennis, read, and pal with Wodehouse. Double-talker Cliff Nazarro says he owes that surprised look on his face to being victim of endless gags. . . . Six years ago Marian Marsh reached top of ladder as Trilby to John Barrymore's Svengali. Is of Trinidad, W. I., not afraid of tarantulas and scorpions there, came to Hollywood via Springfield and Boston, Mass. . . . Ernst Verebes always does his veribest, has been around European and American radio since 1920. . . . Tom Rutherfurd's stage-bred, by his own admission the worst reporter that the Richmond, Va., News Leader ever hired and fired. Spells his name with two u's and was hired because managing ed thought he looked like a college grad, when he was only a high-schooler who could act like one.

GATEWAY

★ ★ ½

THE PLAYERS: Don Ameche, Arleen Whelan, Gregory Ratoff, Binnie Barnes, Gilbert Roland, Raymond Walburn, John Carradine, Maurice Moscovitch, Harry Carey, Marjorie Gateson, Lyle Talbot, Fritz Leiber, Warren Hymer, Eddie Conrad, E. E. Clive, Russell Hicks, Charles Coleman, Gerald Oliver Smith, Albert Conti. Screen play by Lamar Trotti from a story by Walter Reisch. Directed by Alfred Werker. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 74 minutes.

THERE was a real drama here—in Ellis Island, the gateway to a land of promise. Political refugees, Reds, expatriates, the hopeful young, the defeated aged, here they pass in high hope.

Unfortunately, the melodramatic story does not live up to this great promise.

A famous war correspondent falls in love with a little Irish colleen he sees below decks; but the romance is worked out in Hollywooden fashion, with sleek gangsters, gilded moral-turpitude blondes, and an island prison break of tough deportees. Included in the story is a phony Russian prince from Brooklyn, a pseudo-Romanoff who reveals his identity under pressure.

Don Ameche is the newspaperman. Arleen Whelan, the much publicized barbershop manicurist Cinderella, is the Irish girl who is America bound. Gregory Ratoff is the Brooklyn Boris. Nice bits, of a refugee scientist by Fritz Leiber and an old peasant by Maurice Moscovitch, help the picture a lot.

VITAL STATISTICS: This started out to be Ellis Island, but so many titular lawsuits loomed, studio renamed it Gateway. What! Not Gateway to Love? . . . Early subdivider Samuel Ellis gave the Indians a handful of beads for the First Stop into America, sold it to the fed gov't in 1808, when it was nicknamed Gibbet Island, was largely used to hang pirates. Immigration didn't set in till 1892, since then 20,000,000 new cits have been imported, a few hundred thousand unwanted cits deported, countless tragedies and happinesses enacted. Studios have found it a gold mine, but have always glamourized the place. In reality, despite the happiness it brings, it is heavy with the sadness of the detained, official coldness, boredom, callousness. . . . Filming found Don Ameche at his happiest, for after last take he took his six-year bride, the ex-Honoré Pendergast, on a long-promised honeymoon abroad. Married at nadir of Ameche fortunes, Ameche now reaches plenty a week. Had never been on board a real ocean liner; was thoroughly familiar with them, thanks to studio imitations. Working on studio rockers left him immune to fish feeding, too. Ameches called at little town near Rome where Don's dad was born. They took spaghetti, wine, and plaudits there. Don passed through four American universities and came out only a junior, which goes to show you can avoid the hazards of a college education. Alma maters include Columbia, Marquette, Georgetown, and U. of Wisconsin. . . . A mere year ago Arleen Whelan was making $18 a week manicuring in Pat Regan's barbershop on Hollywood Blvd., when megger H. Bruce Humberstone spotted her as she held his hand and scraped it, arranged for a screen test which she passed with A, and which wound her up as lead in Kidnapped. . . . Binnie Barnes is dotter of a London cop and an Italian-English wife, gets her acting fire from maw. . . . Gregory Ratoff's part obviously springs from the deeds of Prince Mike Romanoff, whom studio hired as technical adviser for part. M-G-M owns rights to the prince's life, have never filmed it. . . . Harry Carey in role of commissioner in charge of Ellis Island was chosen because he as a man would epitomize "all the sterling, stalwart qualities of red-blooded American manhood"! Saints alive, all that! . . . Among the hard-guy deportees who tangle with Ameche in that escape scene were: an ex-C. P. A.; an ex-ministry stude; a Phi Beta Kappa; an ex-interior decorator; an ex-chess champ; an ex-floorwalker who was told so often by the salesgals he was good-looking he became an actor (extra: and three ex-leading men). . . . Marjorie Gateson got such a bad case of homesickness from Ellis Island scenes, she hopped a plane East right after washing up part. . . . This's the only million-dollar item on this week's movie list. The Crowd Roars totaled to about three quarters of a super-grand; while Novarro's Desperate (quickie) Adventure came to a mere $200,000 or less. Hollywood's shaving $200,000 from every million budgeter these poisonous b.-o. days. Stix are nixing pix again!

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Marie Antoinette, Mad About Music.

★★★½—Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer, Merrily We Live, The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.

★★★—Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women, Everybody Sing, Hawaii Calls, The Adventures of Marco Polo, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Baroness and the Butler, Romance in the Dark, Gold Is Where You Find It, A Yank at Oxford, The Goldwyn Follies.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 50

1—Nathaniel Carl Goodwin.

2—Battledore and shuttlecock.

3—Thomas Jefferson's.

4—The Virginian.

5—Eighteen years.

6—The A. M. A. (American Medical Association), inasmuch as the ancient oath provides a code of medical ethics.

7—Victor Herbert.

8—The Gutenberg Bible.

9—William Johnston, tennis ace.

10—The Riviera.

11—Roger Bacon.

12—Yes (it was a fraternal affair).

13—Green.

14—Parlor games.

15—George Fox.

16—Gelatin.

17—The bride.

18—George Olsen's; Don Bestor's; Shep Fields'.

19—Certainly, for a nautilus is a small mollusk.

20— Edmund Lowe

The Ship Was On Fire—And I Prayed

BY RAY MACKENNEY

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

WERE you ever on a burning ship in mid-ocean? If you never prayed before, you would then—and ever after when faced with any sort of catastrophe, or any problem; for after such an experience you will realize the efficiency of prayer. It is then you come to the full realization that there is a Higher Power to help you *if* you ask.

It happened some years ago. . . . I had taken passage on the St. Croy, a coast steamer sailing from Los Angeles to Portland, Oregon. In the midafternoon, some few hours after sailing, the alarm sounded. At once I knew it was not a fire drill, for all could see and smell the heavy smoke rising in dense volumes from the center of the ship. Passengers were running toward the lifeboats.

Women and children first—the unwritten law. . . . As for myself, being lame, I could be of no physical assistance. As a newspaperwoman, I was an onlooker. As a human being, I could pray for the safety of all . . . and did.

Can you imagine what your emotions might be, standing upon a burning ship, waiting your chance to be lifted into a lifeboat? As far as eye could see, nothing was visible upon the clear and glorious horizon . . . just a vast stretch of ocean, and overhead the brilliant afternoon sun, throwing its warm rays upon us . . . and water . . . water everywhere!

I was young and life still held much for me, but that did not matter materially. Though as a child I had obediently attended Sunday school, nothing very deep in a religious sense had taken hold. But this moment I prayed, as I stood looking at what was a tragic moving picture to me, for the still small voice whispered, "Ask, and ye shall receive" . . . words spoken by my teacher in my childhood—words of the Master.

I prayed and I asked for the protection of each and all. In less time than it takes to write it, the lifeboats were loaded and we were pulling off swiftly from the ship to a safe distance . . . the ship where inner explosions were repeating themselves every few minutes.

It was all a remarkable demonstration of efficiency . . . of law and order . . . of trust and obedience . . . trust of the passengers in their captain, obedience of the crew . . . no hysteria . . . for a sort of calm seemed to have settled over all.

The sea was like a lake as we pulled farther and still farther from the ship, now a seething mass of flame. . . . Then came another thought: How far were we from land?

Fire and water . . . are there any two greater fears in all this world to the human being? It was then that fear clutched at the hearts of a few in our lifeboat. Remember, they were all women and children, save for the men who manned the boat. But—again I prayed — silently — surely — asking that land be sighted before dark.

The sun set. . . . Darkness was settling upon us . . . when—behold! our lifeboat was the first to sight the dark outline of the rugged cliffs ahead . . . and every throat sent forth a cry of thankfulness.

Land! But—another terrible risk was ahead of us. . . . It meant riding the breakers! The men rowed with renewed energy. . . . The captain's call to all was that his boat, loaded with the ship's working crew, would be the first to take the risk. . . . They did, and, getting safely through, dragged their boat to the wet sands, then ran and stood waist-deep in the surf, and as each boat, one at a time, rode the waves, it was grabbed by these men, who tugged and fought against outgoing heavy breakers.

At last, just as darkness settled with its first intensity, all were safely upon land. . . .

I do not know how many others might have prayed. . . . I only know I did, and never for one moment, as each predicament arose, did I fail to believe . . . as the Master had said, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

And somehow I feel that today if those of us crying that Fate has been unfair to us in business life would only feel as I did then and do now—they would receive the protection from that awful fear of want; they would find that what they need to carry on in life would be given! If—they ask, believe, and have faith.

THE END

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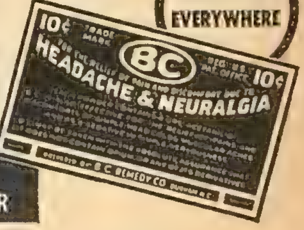

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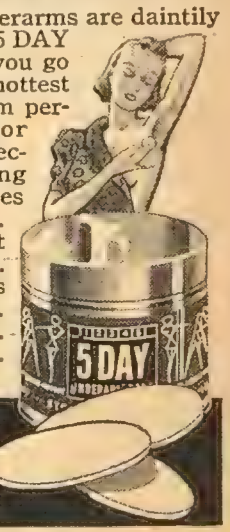


5 DAY
UNDERARM PADS

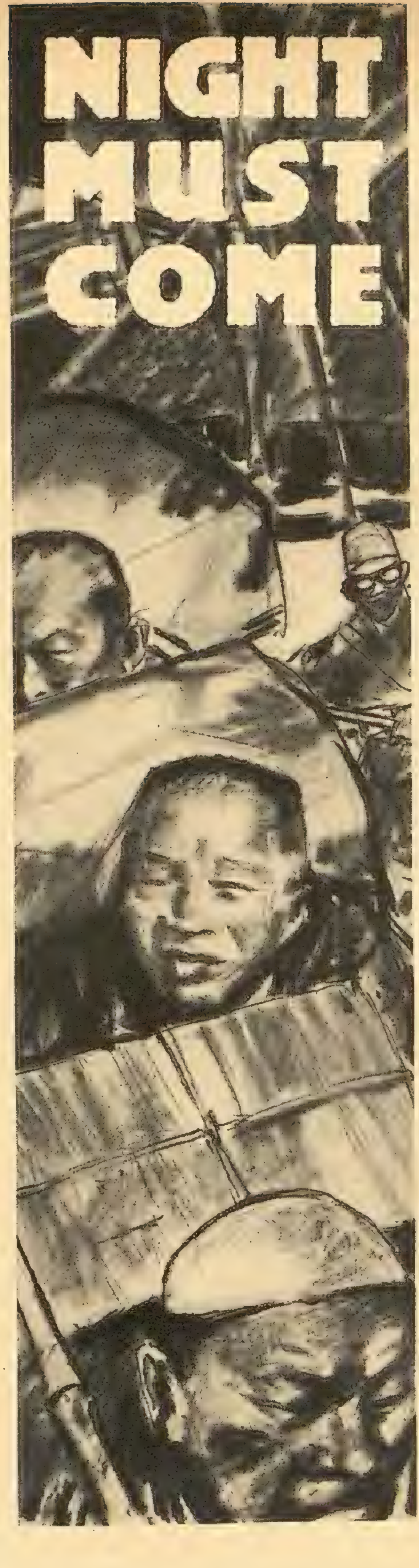
Liberty's Short Short

NIGHT MUST COME

by George E. Sprague

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT



CURSED ONE'S lash brought Hao-jan awake and standing. Stolidly he took up his burden, joined the shuffling line of silent coolies who moved like ants in and out of the bowels of the great ship.

He labored on. He must eat for he must live. He must live for the night.

Lieutenant Mutsu, whom the coolies called Cursed One, hated his task. His mind was far off to the South. Why, he thought, why should he be left here to drive coolies? Had he not fought well?

Viciously, he lashed out at the nearest coolie. Hao-jan bent beneath the blow and stumbled on, praying to his ancestors that night might come, and soon.

"These are bullets we carry," said the coolie behind Hao-jan, "bullets for the soldiers in the North, bullets for our own people to catch in their breasts and carry to their graves."

At dusk Hao-jan joined the line of coolies who passed by the Cursed One to receive a few coins for their day's labor.

He thought of sleeping, but his sturdy legs hurried him away.

Mentally, he identified the feast whose delicious odors came to his nostrils from expensive eating places. But it was only a bowl of cold rice he purchased in a narrow alley. He ate hurriedly, then continued on his way. No man pursued him but he looked behind him often. Once he slowed his swift trot and seemed to be going nowhere. That was when he saw the soldiers.

Their rifles held ready, steel helmets on their heads, the Little Men marched warily through the street. The natives' shrill chatter was stilled.

"It is night, but death will find you," Hao-jan told them, silently.

An hour later he halted before a low door in a warehouse wall. The alley was silent and empty. Quickly, lightly, he knocked.

"The night has come," he whispered when the slide opened and eyes peered into his.

"What comes with the night?" asked a voice.

"To some men glory and to others death," droned Hao-jan. "Night is for many things."

The door opened for but an instant. Hao-jan, the coolie, had knocked. Hao-jan, the soldier, passed the threshold.

"You have brought something for the cause?" asked the personage who sat at the table.

Hao-jan counted his coins onto the bench.

"The gifts of the many when they are totalled purchase much," said the other. "Tonight, you are enabled to have hand grenades as well as a pistol."

Briefly, the personage gave his instructions and in a moment Hao-jan was in the alley again. He was ready for the night.

Lieutenant Mutsu was ready for the night, too, as he stepped out smartly. Anticipated pleasures occupied his mind.

He paused a few moments to watch a purposeful group of his compatriots pounding with their rifle butts on the shuttered windows of a warehouse.

"A grenade thrower came this way," one of the soldiers told him. But Lieutenant Mutsu was late, and hurried on.

HAO-JAN crawled to the roof's edge, and watched the soldiers below. Minutes passed, an hour, two hours. Finally he stirred. He crouched against a low roof wall and examined his pistol.

"Night is for many things," he whispered to himself, as he shook off the desire for sleep, and set off across the roofs again toward the street of the bubbling wells.

Lieutenant Mutsu was in a happy mood as he came out into the street, warm with wine and satisfaction.

He did not hear the crack of the pistol. But his teeth were still gleaming in a smile when the patrol turned him over on his back. There was a bullet hole between his eyes.

Stolidly, Hao-jan took up his burden, joined the shuffling line of silent coolies who moved like ants in and out of the bowels of the great ship.

"These are bodies we carry," said the coolie behind him, "the bodies of those who were killed last night in the street of the bubbling wells, by those of our brothers who seek glory in the night."

"Lieutenant Mutsu," said an officer, checking off the name that was painted across the box which Hao-jan and the other set down.

They made their way back to the dock. Soon Hao-jan was asleep, despite the hot sun. He would have smiled if he had heard the words of a passing Englishman who said to his companion:

"See that coolie, sleeping there? They will never awaken to what is happening to them."

THE END

▲

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

$500 in Cash Prizes
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LIBERTY is published for you. The fact that hundreds of thousands of new friends have been attracted to its readership proves that it meets with your approval. But we want more definite information than that. And we are making it well worth your while to supply it.

As a part of numerous past contests Liberty has asked you to indicate your preference among the articles, features, and stories in its pages. Now, for the first time, we are devoting an entire contest exclusively to the appeal for this information.

And, to make it financially worth your while to spend the few additional minutes required to tell us what you like best about Liberty, we have set aside $500 in cash prizes to be paid to the forty-five readers who submit the most informative statements. To make it as easy as possible for you to supply the information, a coupon has been arranged for your convenience.

Fill it in as indicated, clip it, and save it until you have read next week's Liberty and have completed the coupon that will appear therein. Then write a brief statement of not more than 100 words explaining carefully and sincerely "Why I Read Liberty."

It's as simple as that. And as a result you can win as much as $200 in cash! In addition, there are forty-four other cash awards each of which is well worth the winning.

Be sure to read the rules carefully, so that your entry will comply with the simple requirements governing the awards. And don't neglect to watch for next week's coupon.

The RULES

1. An entry in this contest will consist of two coupons and a brief letter. One coupon will appear in the issue of Liberty dated September 10, another in the issue dated September 17.

2. To compete, fill out each coupon as directed, then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining carefully and sincerely "Why I Read Liberty."

3. Mail both the coupons and statement as a unit. Separate coupons will not be considered. Address Reader Poll Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Friday, September 30, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. Coupons and 100-word statements will be rated on the basis of clarity, logic, and convincingness of reasons presented.

5. For the best entry judged on this basis Liberty will pay a cash first prize of $200. In the order of their excellence, each of the four next highest entries will be awarded $25 cash prizes and each of the forty next highest will receive $5 cash prizes. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

6. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry.

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LIBERTY'S READER POLL CONTEST

COUPON NO. 1

Issue Dated September 10

The Story, Article, or Feature I Like Best in This Issue Is

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(Write title on this line)

I Like This Best Because

....

....

(Explain in not more than ten words)

LIBERTY WANTS YOUR OPINION!

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"America First, 'Isms' Afterward"

New Orleans, La.—Mr. Macfadden's editorial Why Not Try Democracy for a Change? (July 23 Liberty) brings to mind a statement made by an old professor of history under whom I studied at Tulane University many years ago. On one occasion he asked us if we could think of a quotation that would apply to all governments like ours. He then quoted these lines:

> Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

He continued: "America will follow this, just like the other countries. You may not see it, I may not see it, but the time will come when America will follow like the other countries have done."

I do not know whether you will see this prophecy nor if I will see it, but as stated in the editorial, "We are a bunch of nitwits if we continue to submit to this traitor's activities (Mr. Macfadden said *traitorous activity*—Ed.) and fully deserve whatever fate is in store for us."

Let there be more magazines and more people who will be for America first and for "isms" afterward. Let there be more men and women who will look into the Constitution for the fulfillment of their rights and not for the derogation of their fellow men; who will think of our country as a free country and not one that will have to be submissive to the dictates of those whose sole idea and aim is to crush the only free country in the world—America. —*L. S. Augustin, Augustin Business College.*

WELL—YES, MAY WE NOT?

Ardmore, Okla.—Somebody wake me up or tell me something, one or the other. I may be just plain ignorant, and maybe I played hookey that day when I should have been in class, but anyway, since when has it been correct and proper to say, "may we *not* ask ourselves" how we think, when what we mean is "may we ask ourselves" how we think? *Not*, so Webster says, means "denial or refusal." So if that be the case, it would change the meaning of a sentence altogether to say "may we refuse to ask ourselves" how we think. Well, what do you think?—*Ivory Brantley.*

O DEBT, WHERE IS THY MORATORIUM?

New York, N. Y.—President Roosevelt issued a statement that this country has enough money to finance all the armies and navies of the world. It's true. Didn't we do it in the last war?—*J. Montana.*

DARWIN MIGHT BE RIGHT!

Santa Fe, N. M.—The cover by Percy Lee on the July 23 issue, because of several inconsistencies, appears rather comical to the people of the Southwest who live among the Indians of that region.

In his painting, Mr. Lee seems to have confused the nomadic Plains Indians with the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The little girl in the picture is apparently one of the Pueblo Indians, not only from the appearance of her dress but also by the fact she is standing by a wall which might be part of an Indian city, known as a pueblo.

The pots surrounding the girl may have been intended to assist in conveying the idea of her lineage, as the Pueblo Indians excel in the art of ceramics, but unfortunately both the shape and the design are wrong.

The candid-camera fiend peering out from behind the wall is decked out in the ceremonial feathers and buckskin jacket typical of Plains Indian tradition; and should he have appeared so dressed at an Indian pueblo, he would have been thought to have been a tourist suffering with the heat, and therefore excusable.—*Darwin E. Siceloff.*

PRAYERS AND COINCIDENCES

Potomac, Ill.—Liberty's recent articles on the value of prayer have been mildly amusing to me. From all indications of these articles, prayers that have been answered could not have been mere coincidences. All the prayers that have not been answered have been disregarded.

Psychology points out that man can be controlled by the power of suggestion. Faith in prayer could be classified under this power, because fervent prayer is just that, nothing more nor less.

I do not condemn those persons who do get comfort from prayer, but let's remember that if prayer is as all-powerful as some believe, this world would long ago have been a Utopia!—*Eugene Alexander.*

Falmouth, Mass.—You have run a series upon answers to prayer. Why not a series upon the topic, I Have Seen God? In our own way we have all learned to know God and many have had experiences of seeing or perceiving Him which they treasure. Dale Carnegie recently published an article which he called How Chance Affects Us. In it he said, "If I hadn't met an Episcopal rector one night in the caboose of a freight train at Blunt, S. D., my whole life would have been different." Religious conversations and letters from friends, family, and clergy have moved many. A mere fraction of them is in print. A wealth of interesting material is there.—*Rev. Leslie F. Wallace, D. D., Rector of St. Barnabas P. E. Church.*

Chicago, Ill.—Why not run some articles about prayers that were never answered? From what I gathered during war days, they ran about 20 to 1.

Ask some of the European mothers —if there are any left.—*A Reader.*

SUGGESTS OBITS FOR NEXT FIFTY YEARS

Polson, Mont.—Have just finished reading Madame Marcia's recent article in Liberty, and at last I've caught up on my sleep.

Why doesn't Marcia set her little self down and make an obituary column, effective for the next fifty years? This should be a simple task for her—she should be able to see it written all over the celestial universe in flaring comets!—"*The Tapioca Kid.*"

"ENVOY" IS NOT JOHN ERSKINE

Winston-Salem, N. C.—"Envoy's" articles are, well, er—hard to swallow, to say the very least. Don't you think you owe it to your readers to offer some bit of proof to go along with the pudding? The articles are extremely interesting, but so are the Monsieur Villon stories. And I'd as soon believe one as the other. In other words, I don't believe a word "Envoy" says. By the way, "Envoy" isn't a nom de plume for the author of the Villon stories, is it? —*Bill Patterson.*

P. S. I'm serious about this.

H. H. AND A JEWEL

Los Angeles, Calif.—The pot calls the kettle black. Mr. Hoover tells us What America Must Do Next in July 16 Liberty; he being well qualified after his four years as Chief Executive of this nation and his previous experience of spending many millions of our money to feed ten millions of French and Belgians, even before we had entered the World War, when he was administrator for the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, and even more millions after the war, while head of the American Relief Administration, to feed millions of starving Rumanians, Russians, Finns, Yugoslavs, Czechoslavs, Austrians, and Hungarians. It was not a crime in Hoover's eyes for him to use our money in foreign countries to keep foreigners from starving, but the WPA dole here, keeping the money right in our own country to alleviate starving at home, is *not* the thing to do. (Consistency, thou art a jewel!)—*V. M. D.*

COLUMBIA, S. C.—The biggest joke of the century, I think, is Herb Hoover telling how to make the country prosperous, as related by Will Irwin in July 16 Liberty.

What did Herb do when he was President to stop the greatest depression of all time, while it was being ushered in? Nothing—but sit in the White House and look around the corner for the prosperity that, he said, was coming, but never came.

Herb's acts while President and his prescriptions now are as inconsistent as the devil endorsing the Beatitudes.

Herb, of all people, should keep silent. —*E. U. Shealy.*

SWEET—AND BITTER!

NEWLLANO, LA.—Just a few comments on Liberty. The story We Two Are Three Again (July 16 Liberty) is the sweetest story I ever read.

I read Liberty because a relative sent it to me. Most of your stuff is junk (like most movies). No wonder we have the crime wave. Once in a while you do get a good article or story.—*Mrs. A. I. Shoemaker.*

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—I believe, without a doubt, that you have one of the worst magazines on the market.

Instead of your motto, Liberty—For Liberals with Common Sense, you should use Liberty—for Morons with Decrepit Sense.—*James F. Baker.*

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.—I want to offer my congratulations to Mrs. E. H. Nickley (July 16 Liberty) for her letter on No One Can Take My Husband, and My Transparent Man. I read both and they "burned me up." Both were tommyrot.—*Another Twice-Married Woman.*

OSCAR'S MYSTERY

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Cross Your Heart, by Oscar Graeve (July 9 Liberty), was plain silly. What *was* this mighty decision about? Is the gal about to go to work or get a divorce or, darn it, what? —*Mrs. P. E. Clay.*

A WHALE OF A JOKE

MENLO PARK, CALIF.—Lawson Robertson (July 23 Liberty) chortles over the exploit of the Irish Whales who left the corpse of their friend seated in a gin mill while they went outside to look at a fight. Ensues the incident of the bung starter. Likewise the plea of the bartender that he used the bung starter in self-defense and that the corpse "drew a knife on me."

That yarn must have originated in Greece or Rome many centuries ago, although I cannot prove it. But I heard it exactly fifty-two years ago.—*Winfield Scott.*

STALIN, HITLER, AND PRINCESS RADZIWILL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Why a first-rate magazine like Liberty allows Princess Radziwill to write a lot of trash about Stalin and Hitler is beyond me. Every foreign correspondent disagrees with Princess Radziwill.—*M. B. Shaber, American Citizen.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Recently returned from the lunatic asylum called Europe, I was struck by one thing: Everywhere, and in every country, especially in England, women are being taught to make gas masks, and the question occurs whether it would not be more practical to teach these women how to make strait jackets in which to bind all the mad rulers and leaders now pushing their countries into all the horrors of another war!—*Princess Catherine Radziwill.*

NO SWING UNDER HITLER

ROSWELL, N. M.—Swing music is one of the most disagreeable discords known to mortal man, yet it performs one of the most useful services of modern times.

There is a certain type of mentality which has lagged behind the development of the race. Persons of this type crave an emotional outlet in violence of some form. Swing supplies it perfectly; otherwise it is apt to lead to lynching mobs, frenzy, and general meanness. I had a chance to see the early Nazi and Fascist mobs in 1926, '27, '28, and '29. Most of them were young hoodlums bored to desperation by the dullness of their countries and stirred up by unscrupulous demagogues. I am convinced that if the Rhythm Rascals had been filling the Italian air with discords in 1923, Mussolini would still be a panhandling Socialist; and if the Berlin Boop-a-Doopers had been swinging Schnitzelbank at the same time, Hitler would now be earning an honest living as a paper hanger. Jitterbugs may be a low form of animal life, but Nazis and Fascists are still lower; the New Deal may have its faults, but it does not rest upon murder and hypocrisy. Hitler, at least, realizes this. He permits no swing in Germany.—*Patrick O'Day.*

HOW WEALTH IS CREATED

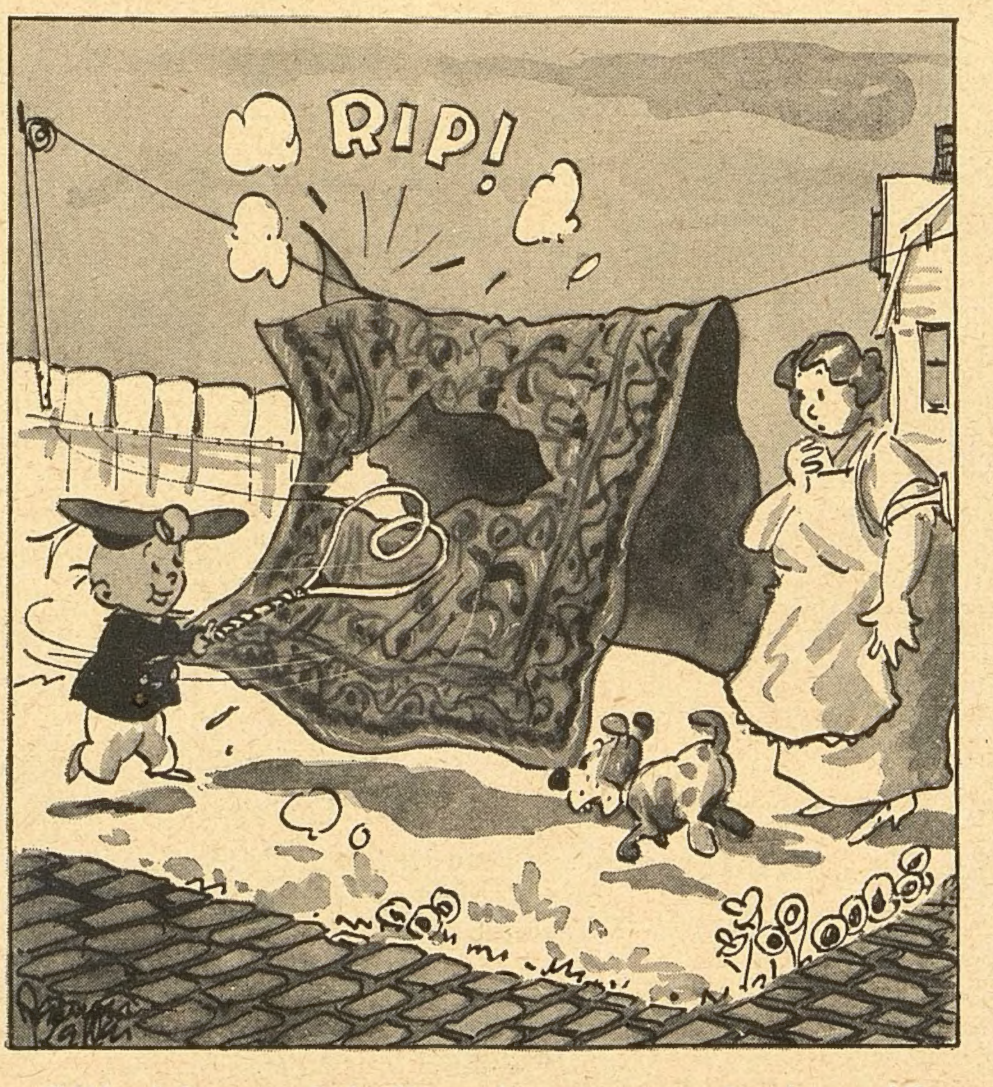
WHIPPLE, ARIZ.—Answering How Is Wealth Created? (July 16 Vox Pop), wealth—physical wealth—is not created by man. It is here in untold abundance as provided by Nature. It consists of all natural resources, such as mines, forests, agricultural and other usable land, fisheries and water supplies; all natural improvements such as waterways and harbors; all physical plant and equipment; and, finally, the people themselves, with all the accumulated knowledge available for the production of the goods and services required to meet the needs of man. Man merely converts the existing wealth into useful forms, and in the process of that conversion only 2 per cent of the energy expended is muscle energy; the other 98 per cent is extraneous energy (coal, oil, falling water). Investigate Technocracy and learn facts! —*F. V. Dunn.*

THE THREE-TOED SLOTH HAS HAD HIS DAY

ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—Criticism of the Cockeyed Puzzle gets me down. Yes, you do have to use your noodle a little, but what fun, and surely the three-toed sloth has had his day!

I am one of an office employing hundreds, and most of us can scarcely wait until the next Cockeyed Puzzle comes along. Let's have more of 'em.—*Violet Malone.*

"HARDTACK"



"Wow! I guess I don't need any more spinach, ma!"

THUNDER OVER KANSAS CITY

READING THE NEWSPAPERS in the last few weeks has been an exciting and often dismaying experience. . . . Faced with scandals in primary fights all over the country, one was tempted to ask: What in heaven's name is happening in the United States of America? . . . First we read of a grand jury inquiry in Pennsylvania, and then of a special session of the legislature called to put a stop to it—all, apparently, in the name of primary politics. . . . A senatorial investigation committee levels accusations at one state and then another, and predicts a contest in the national Capitol no matter which side wins. . . . A Southern governor makes ready to use the National Guard on primary election day. . . . In Kentucky a man is murdered—shot down in front of the headquarters of one of the candidates. . . . Rumors of violence and corruption rise on all sides. . . . What is the matter with the American public, that *it* does not rise and end such conditions? . . . This same thought was in every one's mind when the great election scandals broke in Kansas City. . . . Here was an unprecedented situation. . . . Such open and defiant corruption of public morality and common decency had seldom been heard of before in the history of municipal skulduggery. . . . Yet, after a few days' excitement on the front pages of American newspapers the story of Kansas City seemed to be forgotten. . . . We wondered what had happened in the city itself after those grisly expositions of graft and crime and death. . . . So we sent Fred Allhoff, one of our staff reporters, to Kansas City for a sojourn and a look around. . . . Once when we were visiting that lovely city, filled with sturdy American families and the best traditions of our history, a taxi driver called our attention to certain irregular marks on the façade of Union Station. . . . Those marks were the scars of what police and students of crime still call the "Kansas City Massacre," when several police officers were killed, with their prisoner, by gangsters. . . . We had always thought of that outrageous crime as merely a spontaneous exhibition of gangster outlawry. . . But Mr. Allhoff comes back from Kansas City with the tale that it was nothing of the kind. . . . Instead, he declares, it was a part of the whole bloodstained pattern of gangster domination in a corrupt and merciless municipal political machine. . . . The story of that machine, and what it has done to Kansas City, Mr. Allhoff begins to tell in Liberty next week. . . . We do not print it as a reflection on a great American community but as an attack on rotten politics. . . . We admire Kansas City with its great beacon and monument to American liberty, its proud Jackson County Courthouse dedicated to justice for all, its municipal auditorium, its Nelson Gallery of Art, its industries, hospitals, gracious drives and parks. . . . Who can forget the beauties of its new suburban developments, its Ward Parkway, its Verona columns, its Japanese garden, its tributes and memorials to great ideals of our country? . . . Overlooking Union Station, where that massacre took place, is the figure of George Washington. . . . Kansas City has another monument, erected to the Pioneer Mother, facing the wilderness yet to be conquered. . . . These symbols in stone and bronze Kansas City has raised to the best that America knows and lives by. . . . But this beautiful American city is smitten with a great illness, the common plague of corruption in municipal politics. . . . It is not an illness peculiar to Kansas City alone. . . . Mr. Allhoff's study of the conditions there, we hope, will open the eyes of America to the plague that is present, latent or epidemic, in all our cities. . . . It is a plague America must put down, because students of democracy agree that the foundation of national security lies in municipal decency. . . . Not all of next week's issue deals with problems as important as that confronting Kansas City, but all of it is stirring and timely and up-to-date. . . . Among the features to which we particularly call your attention are two especially fine short stories, Traveler's Rest, by Hamlen Hunt, and A Sock in Time, by Edgar Franklin. . . . Then there is an article about those remarkable fellows, the Stroud twins. . . . Can you imagine comedians deciding that the way to make a fortune is to bore the audience? . . . You will certainly be amused by the new article by Frederick L. Collins called The Stroud Twins and Their Past. . . . And did you ever hear of some of the ways by which rich boys—or boys who once were rich and whose families were impoverished—are working their way through college? . . . One lad has a set of trained goldfish that are earning him his college education. . . . Every young man who has to work his way through college can profit by reading this article by James Matthews. . . . Then there is an exciting article by Carl Crow, author of 400,000,000 Customers, installments of all the current serials, and many other interesting features. . . . It is an issue you will surely not want to miss. . . . YOU REALIZE, of course, that summer is almost over. . . . Autumn begins on Friday, September 23, when the sun enters Libra. . . . You will have had 93 days, 14 hours, and 56 minutes of summer, most of it hot and the rest of it wet. . . . You can now prepare yourself for 89 days, 19 hours, and 14 minutes of fall, most of which will be football. . . . THANKS TO Marian Squire for a copy of her book, The Stag at Ease, which contains the favorite dishes of many Americans. . . . Our own contribution is a recipe for a preserve made of midget yellow tomatoes. . . . Yes, that is strictly a Baltimore concoction. . . . HERE COMES ANOTHER superstition: John Golden, producer of Seventh Heaven, etc., believes that a number in the title of a play is a sign of good luck.

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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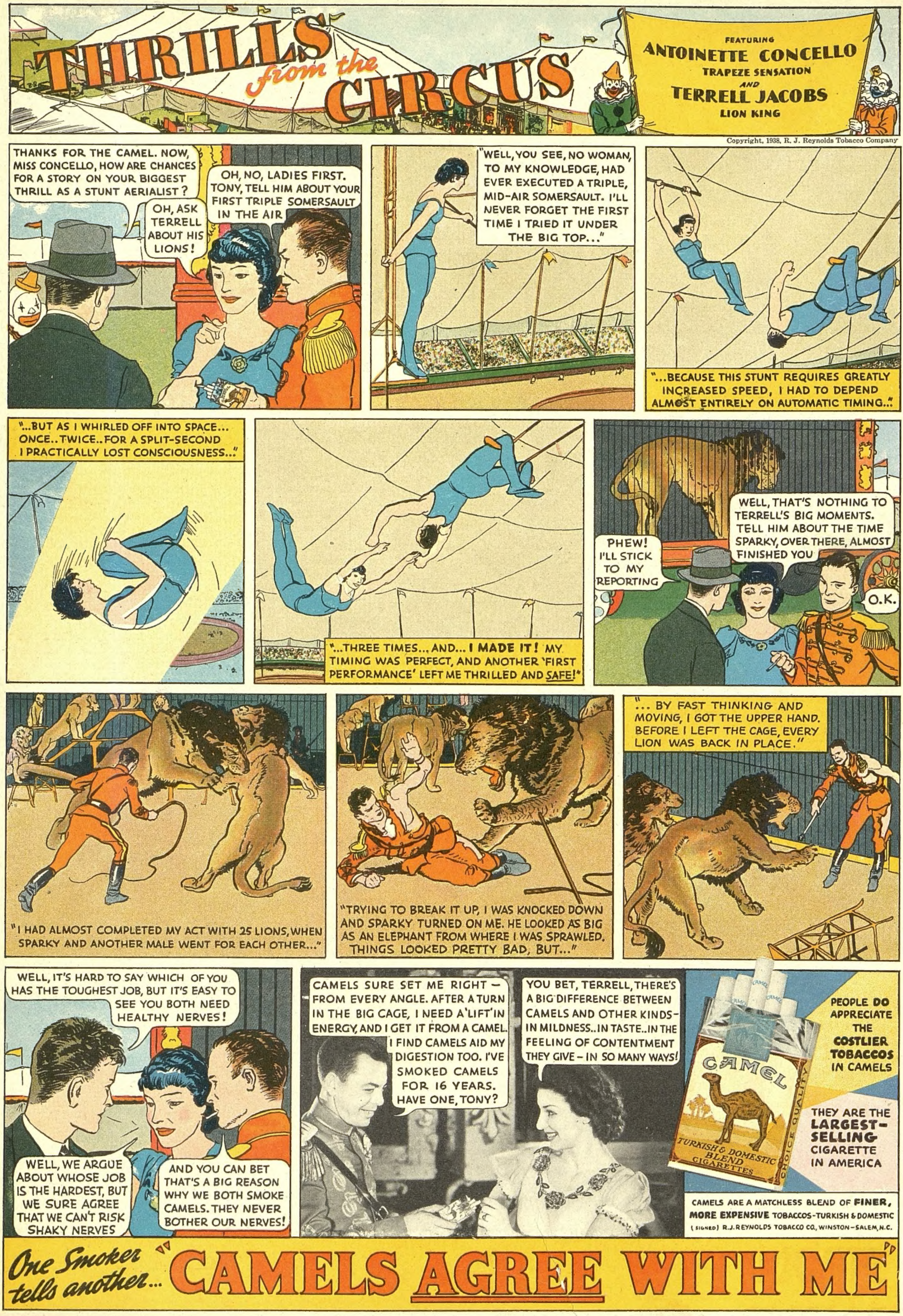
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THANKS FOR THE CAMEL. NOW, MISS CONCELLO, HOW ARE CHANCES FOR A STORY ON YOUR BIGGEST THRILL AS A STUNT AERIALIST?
OH, ASK TERRELL ABOUT HIS LIONS!
OH, NO, LADIES FIRST. TONY, TELL HIM ABOUT YOUR FIRST TRIPLE SOMERSAULT IN THE AIR
"WELL, YOU SEE, NO WOMAN, TO MY KNOWLEDGE, HAD EVER EXECUTED A TRIPLE, MID-AIR SOMERSAULT. I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME I TRIED IT UNDER THE BIG TOP..."
"...BECAUSE THIS STUNT REQUIRES GREATLY INCREASED SPEED, I HAD TO DEPEND ALMOST ENTIRELY ON AUTOMATIC TIMING..."
"...BUT AS I WHIRLED OFF INTO SPACE... ONCE.. TWICE.. FOR A SPLIT-SECOND I PRACTICALLY LOST CONSCIOUSNESS..."
"...THREE TIMES... AND... I MADE IT! MY TIMING WAS PERFECT, AND ANOTHER 'FIRST PERFORMANCE' LEFT ME THRILLED AND SAFE!"
WELL, THAT'S NOTHING TO TERRELL'S BIG MOMENTS. TELL HIM ABOUT THE TIME SPARKY, OVER THERE, ALMOST FINISHED YOU
PHEW! I'LL STICK TO MY REPORTING
O.K.
"I HAD ALMOST COMPLETED MY ACT WITH 25 LIONS, WHEN SPARKY AND ANOTHER MALE WENT FOR EACH OTHER..."
"TRYING TO BREAK IT UP, I WAS KNOCKED DOWN AND SPARKY TURNED ON ME. HE LOOKED AS BIG AS AN ELEPHANT FROM WHERE I WAS SPRAWLED. THINGS LOOKED PRETTY BAD, BUT..."
"... BY FAST THINKING AND MOVING, I GOT THE UPPER HAND. BEFORE I LEFT THE CAGE, EVERY LION WAS BACK IN PLACE."
WELL, IT'S HARD TO SAY WHICH OF YOU HAS THE TOUGHEST JOB, BUT IT'S EASY TO SEE YOU BOTH NEED HEALTHY NERVES!
WELL, WE ARGUE ABOUT WHOSE JOB IS THE HARDEST, BUT WE SURE AGREE THAT WE CAN'T RISK SHAKY NERVES
AND YOU CAN BET THAT'S A BIG REASON WHY WE BOTH SMOKE CAMELS. THEY NEVER BOTHER OUR NERVES!
CAMELS SURE SET ME RIGHT — FROM EVERY ANGLE. AFTER A TURN IN THE BIG CAGE, I NEED A 'LIFT' IN ENERGY, AND I GET IT FROM A CAMEL. I FIND CAMELS AID MY DIGESTION TOO. I'VE SMOKED CAMELS FOR 16 YEARS. HAVE ONE, TONY?
YOU BET, TERRELL, THERE'S A BIG DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CAMELS AND OTHER KINDS — IN MILDNESS.. IN TASTE.. IN THE FEELING OF CONTENTMENT THEY GIVE — IN SO MANY WAYS!
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